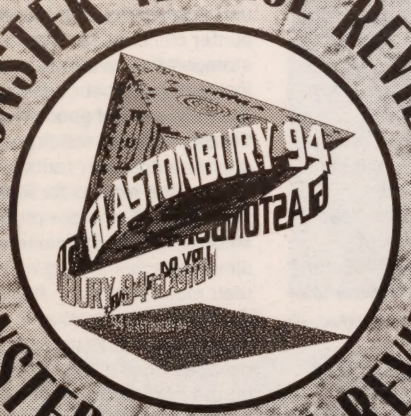
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Coil of the wild

PICTURE: ROGER SARGENT

MONSTER 12-PAGE REVIEW!



PASTORAL FREAKS

Tales of extraordinary madness from the mutha of all dirty weekends!

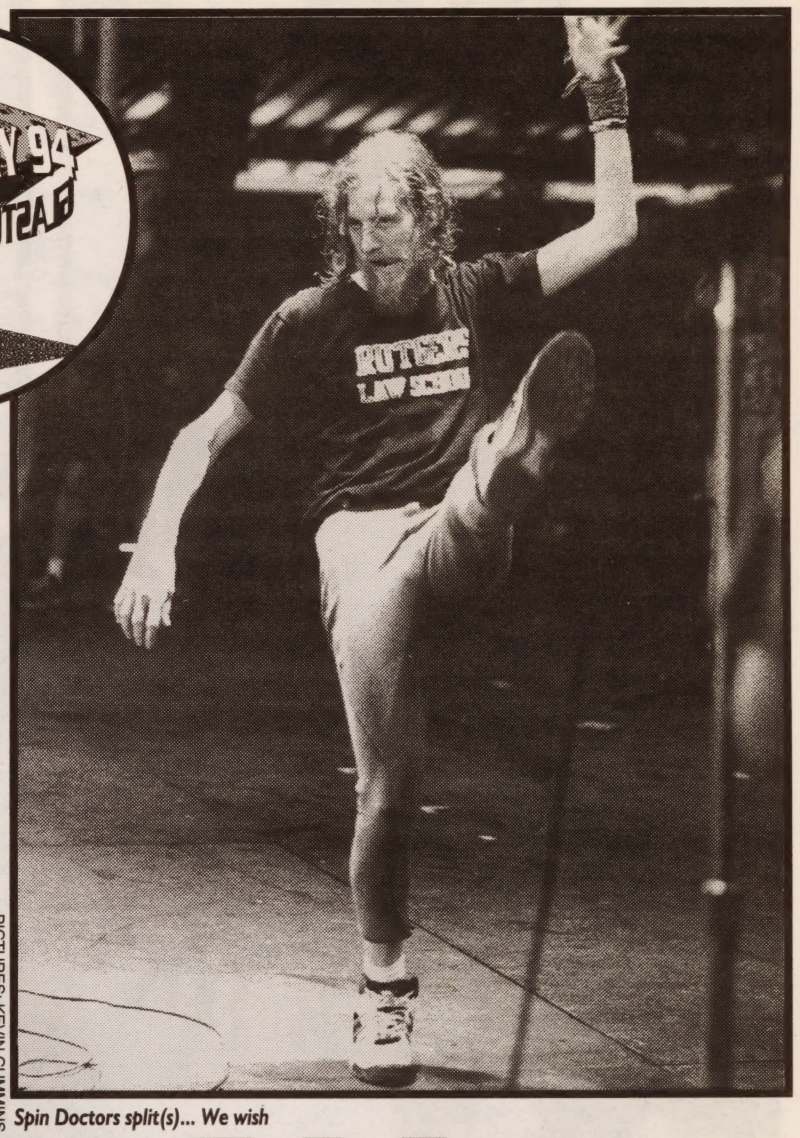
● We drove the rain away, the sun put on his finest hat and Glastonbury '94 rolled all over, around and above us... the most spectacular, bizarre, scintillating and downright celebratory happening of the summer. Crusties, new wavers, mods, hippies, maths teachers... all the tribes were here to snog and dance, soak up those rays, inter-react, cross-fertilize and do all the things it's hard to do at home.

Good times there were in abundance, whether you were having your face painted, your hair extended, your brain warped, your eardrums blown, your nipples pierced or your preconceptions fried. From the revitalised Britpop of Paul Weller to the hoary majesty of Johnny Cash, from The Levellers' heartening polemic to Trans-Global Underground's exotic bazaar, from Orbital's blissed-out dance-trance to the numerous 'unofficial' rave stalls, Glasto '94 was a musical mindf—.

On the dark side, there was the appalling shooting which had us muttering about Altamont, the fatal overdose of a fellow reveller and the weird feeling that the festival we considered a weekend pass from harsh reality was slowly being infiltrated by the violence and greed that inhabits all our big cities.

Still, we danced off the blues, determined not to let the bastards grind us down. Blur brought the smile back to our sunburned faces, the bhajis were hot, the lager was cool, there was peace in the Green Field and sensory satisfaction flowing all around.

In this hot-off-the-site festival supplement we celebrate the total Glastonbury '94 experience, the dizziest height of midsummer madness!



Spin Doctors split(s)... We wish

PICTURES: KEVIN CUMMINS

Thrilling in the name of... again: Rage Against The Machine's Zack puts the hammer down on the polemic meat-grinder

friday

MAIN STAGE

TODAY IS the day of the blunt axe. It's the day old rock hogs with woolly perms, tie-dye T-shirts and Cuban heels gather *en masse* around the main stage to chill smugly with their younger soft rock brethren. Each dog has his day at Glastonbury, and today belongs mainly to the weathered beast that is Mid-Atlantic Rawk. It's not an altogether bad thing, but it does prove that too much teenage air-guitar masturbation to Neil Young and the Zep really will turn you into a blind melon.

The day starts, however, the way that all days in the country should: with a little factor 25 sun and a lot of deafening dub. The quality and clarity of sound that **DREADZONE** enjoy leaves breathing space for rich pre-programmed melodies and vocal samples with a stomping headf— of a rhythm section. Whatever their secret, Don Letts – for he is the maestro lurking in a corner of the stage – is a wise old dub doctor.

IAN McNABB, meanwhile, is the luckiest man in rock. Here he is in his mid-30s, not only doing a fine impersonation of his hero Neil Young, not only playing with the bulk of Young's best band, **CRAZY HORSE**, but also pulling **MIKE SCOTT** out of the blue for the day's highlight, a masterly, moving take on The Waterboys' 'Preparing To Fly', and a ragged but wonderfully pertinent 'Glastonbury Song'. Sure, having McNabb up there with Crazy Horse is a bit like making do with Eddie Kidd instead of Evel Knievel, but close your eyes and ignore the ridiculous bandana wrapped around his balding noggin and it could be the real thing.

It all plunges with the appearance of **BLIND MELON**. They produce a lifeless, MOR grunge noise that barely deserves to win a pub battle of the bands competition. It's horrid.

Wedged uneasily between the Melons and World Party is **SAINT ETIENNE**'s pristine '60s techno pop. It comes as quite a relief to have a white feather boa waved at so much worn denim, and Saint Etienne's relaxed Europop wafting over the soothed crowd feels like some moral victory for style and vision over sheer brutal workmanship. Their performance is greeted with raised glasses and hearty cheers, which is far more than they could ever have expected. Maybe everyone's just too out of it to note they've just been hijacked by urban situationist pop terrorists.

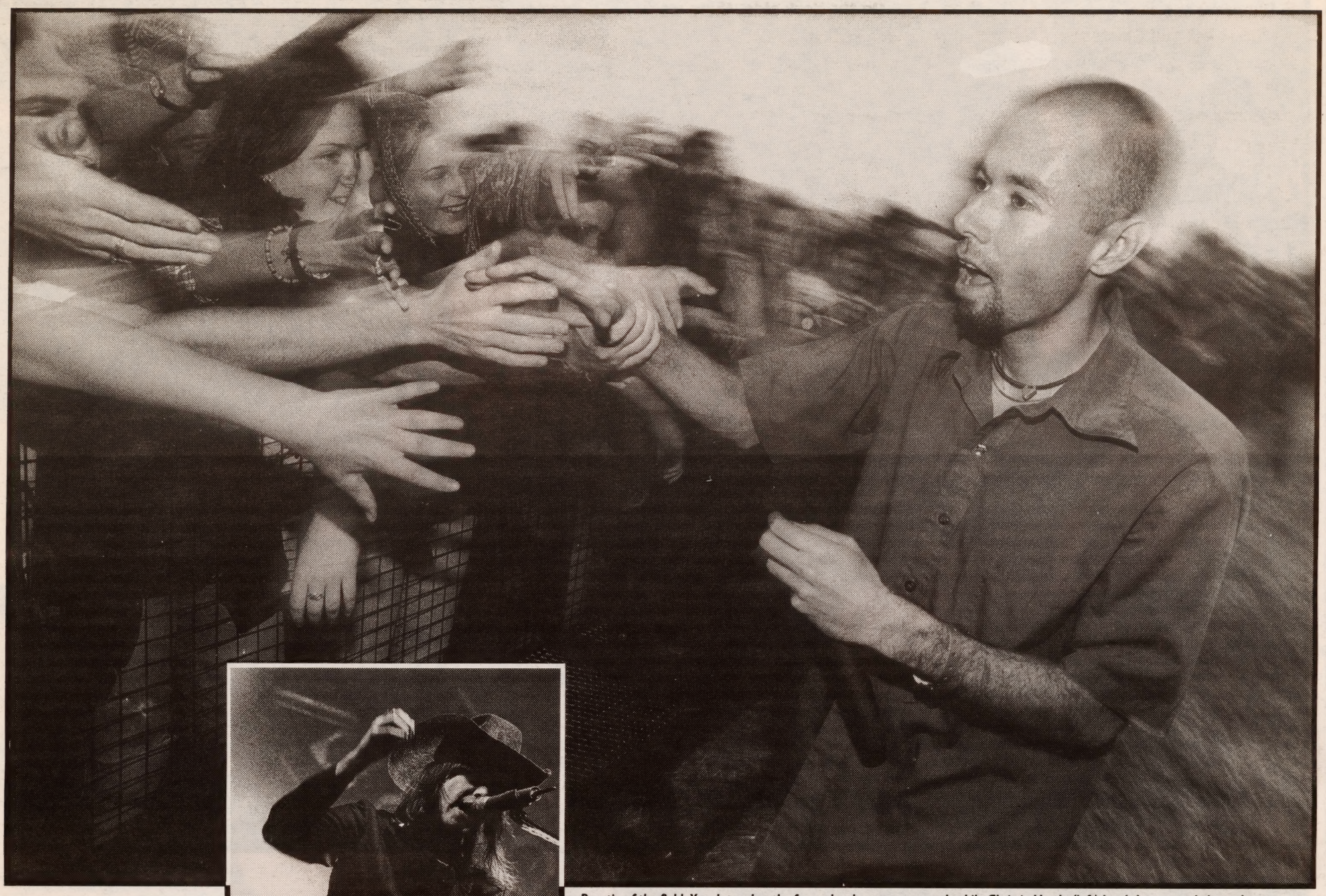
By the time **WORLD PARTY** pop up, a huge wodge of the crowd are slumped out soaking up the rays. This suits Karl Wallinger just fine. His skill is in writing sweet, harmonious late '60s pop songs of the type that Julian Lennon would die for – and a seated, stoned crowd in the sun is where this makes the most sense. You wouldn't take it home too regularly, but a little snuggle with 'Ship Of Fools' on the grass is perfectly acceptable.

Unlike **THE SPIN DOCTORS** who are totally unacceptable in any situation whatsoever. They shake their hair a lot and have one song which they seem to play all day until 'Two Princes'. Totally unnoteworthy except for some foolhardy punter climbing onstage and getting stomped for his efforts. It's an ugly incident, totally at odds with The Spin Doctors' avowed good vibes, and fittingly, it rains, sending everyone to shelter in the beer tents.

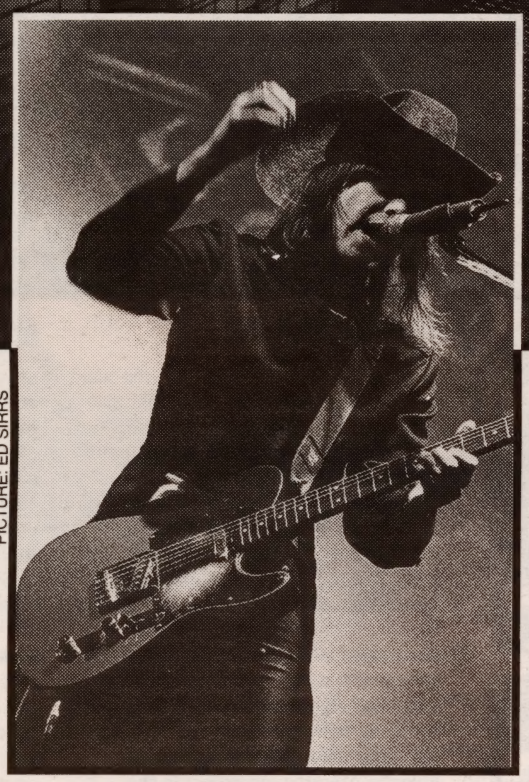
Everyone returns for **RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE** who are pristine as ever. Trouble is, they still need another dimension, something else that adds to their much-vaunted guitar, bass, drum set-up. Something that *is* artificial, something that *is* made by a machine, because after a while all that twiddling up the neck of the guitar just sounds like a naff '70s synthesiser. Still, nothing rouses a rabble like 'Killing In The Name Of', and scores of people leaping around in an English rural sunset shouting "*F— you! I won't do what you tell me*" is utterly thrilling.

But it's nothing compared to the crowd's response to **THE LEVELLERS**. Truly, they have tapped into something that is bigger than nearly any other musical trend in Britain. They're the browned-off, ratty Yin to The Orb's blissed-out slacker Yang – and if people really don't have a problem with a body-painted guy playing a didgeridoo as an intro to 'One Way' (and lordy, you love it) then cool. It's Glastonbury, and anything goes – even power-pop folk music. We'll leave you doing a funny little jig and go off in search of more garbled conversation and strange lights in which to bathe...

Ted Kessler



PICTURE: ED SIRRS



PICTURE: ED SIRRS

Beastie of the field: Yauch touches the fans other boys cannot reach while Chrissie Hynde (left) herds 'em up and churns 'em out

NME STAGE

ONE YEAR on, and – hey! – **THE WISHPLANTS** are still at exactly the same position on the bill as they were last year. Why? Because they look like Bad News. Oh, they play an occasionally inspiring fraggle racket, but succeed in being nothing more than just crushingly *alright*. Ho hum. Same time next year then.

DEUS are far better. Beginning with a distinctively 'European' introduction – "Hello. We are dEUS. You are not quite knowing us yet!" – they charm us into thinking that lunatic violin scrapes and songs that begin with radio transmissions are actually quite a good idea. Bizarre.

LUSCIOUS JACKSON are cool, poised, and the only band actually to request a stage invasion. Still, they prompt a variety of questions. Are they a rap act? Are they a smart-arsed indie scam? And do we really care a grey goat's toss anyway?

Answers: sort of, sort of, and, no, we don't at all. It works like this: Luscious Jackson have taken marvellous guitar choons, glued them to a sense of humour and then plugged them all into rap's bass bin to give them a life. It's tremendous stuff, and when a strange man in a woolly hat comes onstage to dance, the quest for the 'Most Demonstrably Bonkers Man On Site' is as good as over.

In the late afternoon haze, **MADDER ROSE** could never fail. Drawing a crowd of sensitive types who keep hard rock records under the bed, they peak with a trio of songs – 'Ultra-Anxiety', 'Teenage Style', 'Car Song' and 'Margaret' – that sweep from raw punk with an adolescent heart to wistful nostalgia right over into Throwing Muses-style histrionic wig-out. In the nicest possible way, we duly feel slightly glum. Ace.

Exactly who the bloody hell **GREEN APPLE QUICKSTEP** are turns out to be easy. They're basically Bon Jovi, but with a singer who looks like a professional darts player.

What we need to wash away their taste is a band who have made an entire career out of the vocal sound "HNNNGURRRGH!". What we need is a band not afraid to bash out metal clichés, and somehow make it cool again.

In short, we need **L7**: freshly kicked out of their hotel, offended by the noxious waft of the latrines and fired-up with a mighty, grunge-power zeal. They grimace! They grunt! And they play 'Shove', after which we vow never to openly mock sludge metal again. Probably.

TOOL's ludicrous thug-metal never quite sinks to the level of the waste of perfectly good bone-marrow that calls itself Stone Temple Pilots, but the **BEASTIE BOYS** are what we've really been waiting for.

This is what it looks like: DJ Hurricane scrapes the turntable and instructs us to throw our hands "IN-THE-AYAAAAH!". We gladly oblige. Yauch, Horovitz, and Mike D loon about, jump madly offstage, swap instruments for 'Tough Guy', play some more punk rock, and then do it all over again.

Finishing with a blinding 'Sabotage' and a pointed ramshackle jam, they leave us to conclude that watching TV, talking bollocks and writing songs about it is the only thing really worth doing in life.

Or maybe not. **THE BOO RADLEYS** – fighting against the rain that's threatened all day, and helpful hairdressing hints from the front row – still turn their dizzying ambition to breathtaking effect, and stare down at us from a great height.

Their twin towers of dub – 'Upon 9th And Fairchild' and 'Lazarus' – are exemplary. They rumble around for hours, and by the time Sice has trashed his guitar (yes!) we are left gasping for a new album to fill in the gaps where over-familiarity has taken hold.

Green lights? Camouflage? Air raid sirens? Yes, it's the **MANIC STREET PREACHERS**, burning through a greatest hits set of one-part vodka introspection and one part nouveau punk with all the dirty aggression of a first-ever gig. And the controversial comment? Coming up.

"I say build some more bypasses over this shithole," offers Nicky, but as it is followed by a bloodthirsty 'Slash And Burn' all is quite easily forgiven. 'She Is Suffering', 'Yes' and 'Faster' are the new Manics in brilliant effect: wired-up punk played with intelligence, structure and power. This is the best they have ever been. No question.

After that, **THE PRETENDERS**' cosy nostalgia just seems terminally inoffensive. Chrissie is dressed as a cowgirl, is accompanied by gentlemen wearing waistcoats and is a genius with the understated pop song, but tonight she is just an enthusiastic relic with a guitar and a great back catalogue.

Still, it probably looked brilliant on the telly.

John Robinson

the PERFORMANCE ARTIST

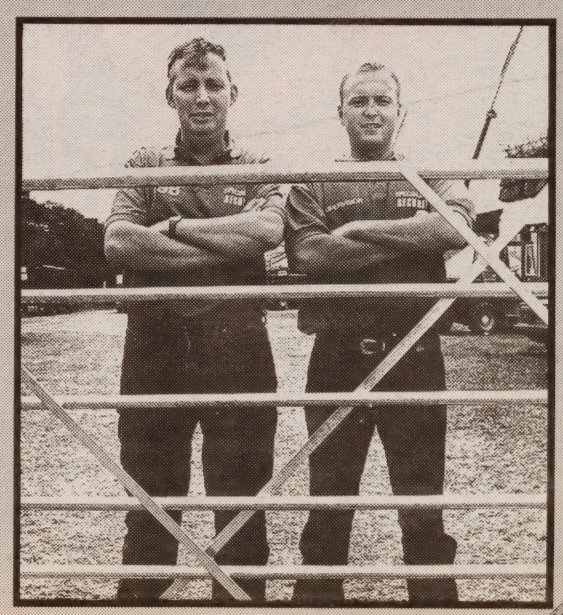
Kathleen, 32, from Mosely, Birmingham is doing a 'Walkabout Egg' masque with live music called 'The Dreams Of Humpty'.

"It's about an egg that cracks up, telling of life on the edge! The story is that a very lazy chicken called Taheeli refuses to lay an egg and then the Queen, Yoko-O-Yeah, tells her she's going to get the chop if she doesn't. So Taheeli lays an egg, but it doesn't want to hatch, it doesn't want to become a chicken, and so it spends the rest of its life on the 'wall of death' in the circus at Glastonbury. And that's the moral of the story – Don't be a chicken, come to Glastonbury!"

PICTURE: DAVID TONGE

the SECURITY MAN

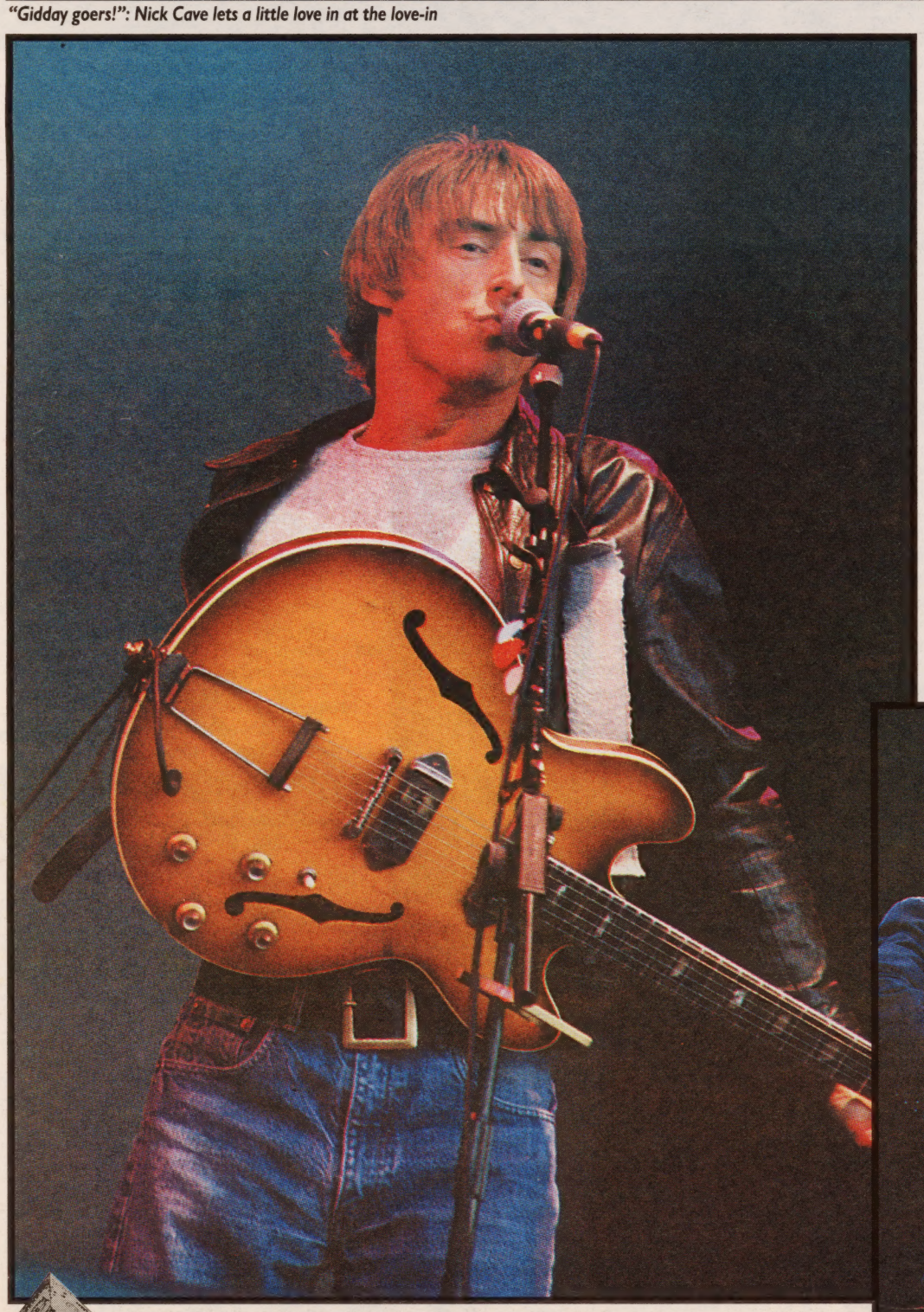
As security co-ordinator of the *NME* stage, George Gorman's job is "to prevent people crushing at the front of the stage, to assist and to hand out refreshments. I know a lot of people are sneaking in for free because, even if you sell your 80,000 tickets, you're still going to get about 10,000 coming down and trying to get in. They've got loads of money – that's not the problem – but they see sneaking in as part of the festival atmosphere. You see them getting out of their cars with little shovels, or maybe a guy walking along with a ladder on his back. Off to clean Michael Eavis' windows, I don't think."



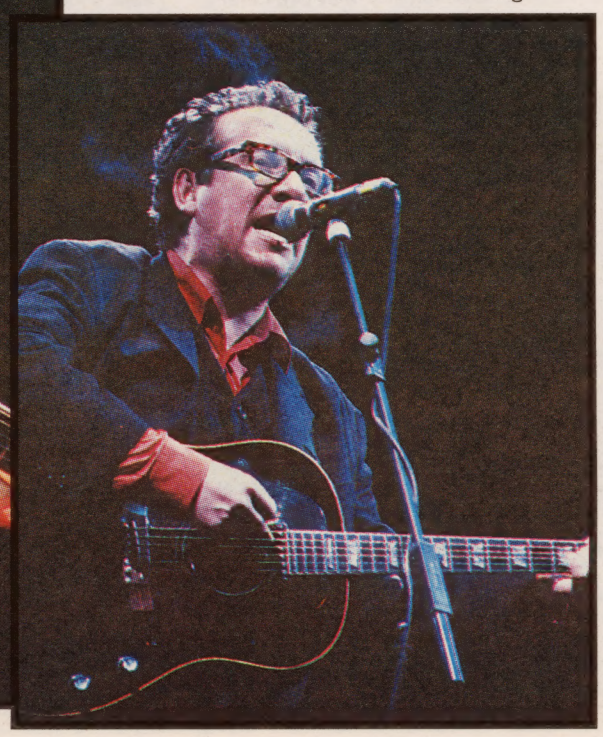
PICTURE: DAVID TONGE

PICTURES: ED SIRRS

"Gidday goers!": Nick Cave lets a little love in at the love-in



You're bards! Paul Weller and Elvis Costello (right)



Saturday

MAIN STAGE

VERY MUCH the morning after the night before, Saturday is dull, overcast, like a hangover hovering, looking queasy, moody, liable to erupt at any moment. The weather's similar.

The very working model of a balanced community in action, **JAH WOBBLE'S INVADERS OF THE HEART** do the decent thing and focus on the climate, trying various salvoes – sufi wailing, utopian trance-dances, mantras, whirling dervishes, all manner of ethnic jiggery-pokery and nonsensical polkas – to tame the elements. A stimulating and fortifying brew but spoilt slightly by Wob still entertaining the notion that his voice is a worthy ingredient in the heady mix. Still, give the crazy tube-driver his due, the Invaders' multiplication and proliferation of ideas, group members and beat roots is choc-full of Glastonbury moments.

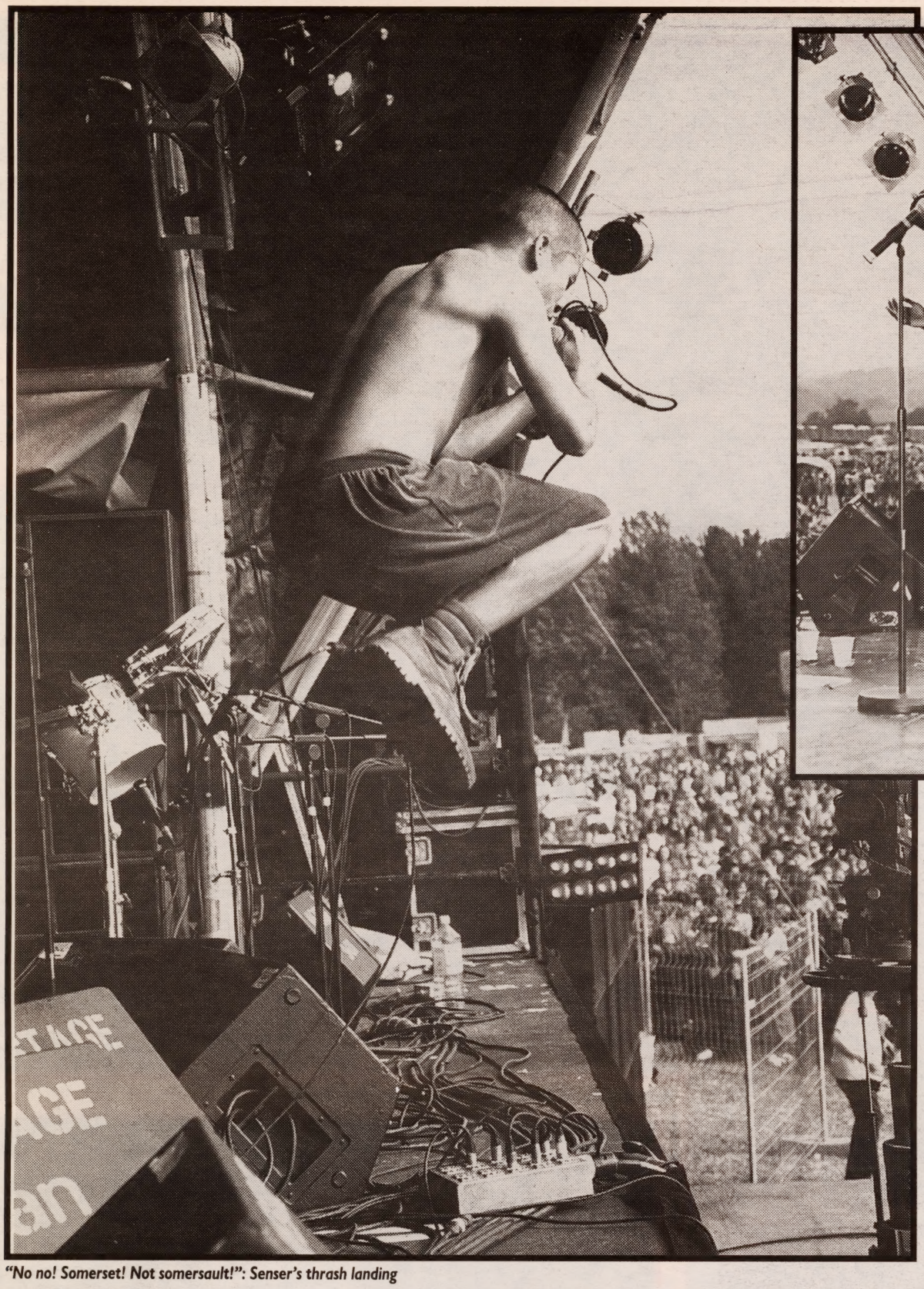
The Invaders' anti-rain dance works. By the time **GRANT LEE BUFFALO** come on, the cloudburst has been kept at bay and a stultifying heat has set in. Not a particularly comfortable setting but then there's something not particularly comfortable about the lumbering Buffers' attack on American mythos. Their problem is a complete lack of stylistic variation – songs start, end and pan out the same way. Witness their preposterously overcooked cover of Neil Young's 'For The Turnstiles', the song stuffed into the same straitjacket as everything else they perform. The crowd seems nonplussed for most of the set but come alive enough to give them an encore.

A partisan gathering are on hand for the swoonsome Thames Valley guitar gliders **RIDE**. The very opposite to the bulging vein attack of Buffalo, the Ride approach is self-satisfied pussycat preening – supine choral harmonies flattering their extended jams. A fey, gossamer, whimsical entity, Ride are charmed by mood, colour, pretty shapes, but never give the impression that much is at stake in their songs.

By mid-afternoon, the heat haze, cider flagons and al fresco plumbing is taking its toll. The words of Kurt Cobain sceaming on a burger bar soundbox, "*Here we are now, entertain us, we are stupid and contagious*" seems to speak directly to the simmering throng. It's a long haul through to the day's main contenders. Andy Kershaw comes on with a spectacular hat-trick of Joe Tex, Neil Young and Van Morrison on the decks, there is rhinestone hokum from ole **DWIGHT YOAKAM**, **GALLIANO** promising to take us that little bit higher and doing it with sea of hands, singalongs, righteous funk grooves, mentholated cool and slightly meandering upfulness. But it is taking off now; the crowd a riot of colour, Rainbow Warrior banners unfurled.

Into this setting, **NICK CAVE** may seem an incongruous presence but he's the first of the day's main stage performers to get beneath the skin of the Glastonbury experience. The splintered rapture of The Bad Seeds, a band with terror in mind and hot blood in their veins, is a never-ending wonder to behold. Cave's performance, even without the characteristic kneedrops, is saturated in dynamic lunges and mad-eyed drama.

Many lines in their songs take on new meanings – 'Red Right Hand', with its beguiling rhythm and tale of shady forces and dark gods, is the soundtrack to a late night trip to the festival outer



"No no! Somerset! Not somersault!": Senser's thrash landing

limits where things get medieval and you can feel menace and fear in the air. And what has Glastonbury been these past 24 years if not a 'City Of Refuge'? On the closing 'Mercy Seat' he sings, "*I think my head is smoking*" and we all concur.

Around nine o'clock, the sun is setting but there's a fire onstage in the shape of **PAUL WELLER**. With the tanned, fit, confident gait of a thoroughbred, Weller arrived at the festival detemined to seize the moment and tonight's performance shows his much vaunted career rejuvenation is still gathering pace in thrilling fashion.

The first thing you notice is the voice – marvellously open, throaty, burning with soul fire. Here's a man determined to expand his craft and talent, working as he always has, through his influences, learning to deepen his voice and musical range. His band now – two girls, two boys – is all lean, taut, muscular, ready to follow his muse.

With his guitar flaming and his songs of change and renewal eager for knowledge, Weller is the quintessential English artist of the '90s. Think of Weller in the '80s and you think of lost plots, too many directions, wilful indulgence. See him now and you have a barometer of the new national mood. Watching Weller with crusties, hippy chicks and old mods holding babies in proud affirmation seems appropriate, the man with the guitar akin to an Avalonian warrior enacting a mystic rite. People smile, shake their heads in disbelief at how ridiculously good he is now. You get the feeling, confirmed by the smouldering new songs he plays, that the next album is going to be something of a stonker.

Weller's only problem is an inablity to come to terms with his recorded past. Something which can't be said of the evening's headliner **ELVIS COSTELLO**. He's got his back catalogue and he's going to use it is the motto, recalling his historic 1987 show. A bit on the vaudeville side but a crowd-pleasing carnival jukebox nonetheless, even if his advice for everyone to go naked came a bit too late into the chilly night to be acted on.

Gavin Martin

PICTURES: DAVID TONGE

Nice Heather for it: M People

NME STAGE

FACED WITH an atmosphere sodden with lager, sunshine and spliff, several thousand indie kids choose to conquer their aversion to anything not sporting shiny guitars, cock an ear to the "club" acts they normally ignore and, if things really get out of hand, DANCE!

Of course, it doesn't look that way when **HONKY** bound onto the stage with the immortal words, "It's 10.30 am – do we have a vibe?" Frankly, the answer is NO. The sky is overcast, there's no more than 150 punters within earshot and the police busted someone down the front not two minutes ago. With the Honk's irrepressibly wiggy pop-rap on our side, however, such concerns soon seem as far away as civilisation itself. By the time they leave, it is 10.58am, and that elusive vibe has been tracked down.

It stays with us for most of the day too, because, while kids in grunge shorts and Ned's Atomic Dustbin T-shirts may KNOW sod all about this dance music lark, they sure know what makes their knee-joints twitch involuntarily. **AUDIO ACTIVE** and **DUB SYNDICATE** provide some well-received heavy-heavy dub sounds, but it's **AFRICAN HEADCHARGE** with their surprisingly lightweight reggae tunes and impossibly jolly lead singer who make the real breakthrough.

Thereafter, the spirit of musical celebration is only seriously threatened once. Madonna protege **ME'SHELL**'s highly accomplished but ultimately dull jazzbo routine sees the kids scuttle off in droves to watch Ride and the hard-won vibe flickers on the verge of extinction.

Fortunately, it's restored with psychedelic tie-dye knobs on by an astonishing performance from **TRANS-GLOBAL UNDERGROUND**. Their melting pot pop (source elements: laid back rapping, exotic wailing, relentless rhythms and, erm, belly dancing) might seem like so much hippy tomfoolery anywhere else but here it makes a strange kind of sense. And, at Glastonbury, strange is often the only kind of sense available.

Pre-show, **ULTRAMARINE** are unerringly described as the perfect band for Glastonbury, but really they are more the sound of a perfect festival – sunny, blissed-out and utterly carefree. Their endless displays of virtuosity do prompt the thought that, if there's ever a TV show called *Technoschool*, these blokes will be presenters, but even that can't deny the daydreamy atmosphere.

There's a wake-up call of air raid proportions with the decidedly unmellow arrival of **SENSER**. Anger (and guitars!) return to the agenda, gentle skanking is jettisoned in favour of apoplectic pogoing. Senser go for the kill immediately and the ensuing meltdown of a show sees them effortlessly eclipse even last year's triumph here. This arena sure brings out the zest in them.

The dance cognoscenti turn up their noses at **M PEOPLE**'s "handbag house", missing out on the most effervescent pop group since Sister Sledge in the process. Meanwhile, the ignoramuses have the time of their lives. For one hour this corner of Somerset countryside becomes Romford's Hollywood's on a New Year's Eve. M People do all their hits. They do a dodgy cover of 'Itchycoo Park'. They even have a special guest (Feargal Sharkey with his mic turned off!). The M, of course, stands for Marvellous.

BJORK makes the entrance of the day, dashing across the stage in a fluorescent pink mini-dress, seemingly in the last throes of dementia. And looking demented in an environment where people paint themselves blue and hang upside down from trees is quite some achievement.

Her set (perfectly executed run-throughs of 'Debut' favourites plus one, not-entirely-wonderful new song) is less astonishing but, while you might hope for more risk-taking from someone famous enough to have her own *Spitting Image* puppet, her otherworldly presence still adds a delightfully mischievous slant to proceedings.

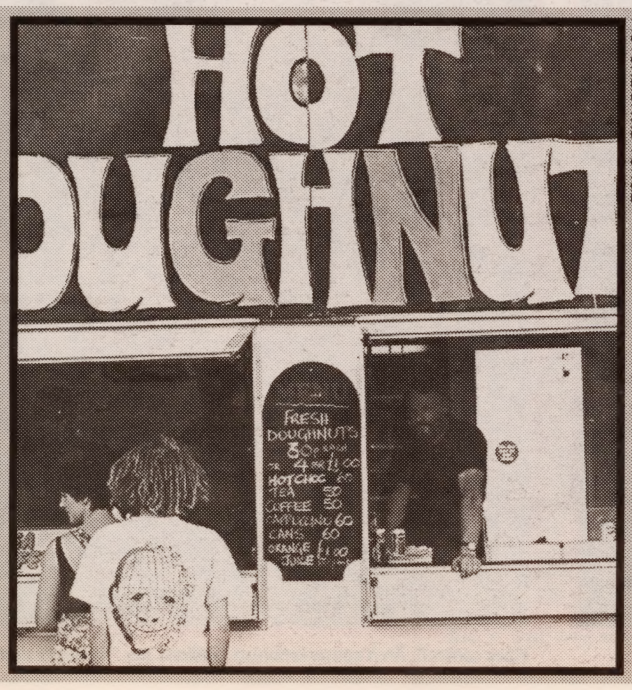
By the time the real ravers muscle in for **ORBITAL**, the field jumps to the dance of the intoxicated. Initially, they don't live up to their "bangin' tunes of techno" rep but, by the time 'Chime' starts its relentless, erm, chime the vibe-o-meter is brushing the "euphoria" mark and 20,000 people have forgotten guitars altogether.

As the last beat fades, two kids in Nirvana T-shirts are reunited.

"What did I miss?" enquires the one who opted for the main stage. His mate struggles to convey the enormity of the experience: "You missed... you missed... you missed the whole f—ing vibe man!"

Mark Sutherland

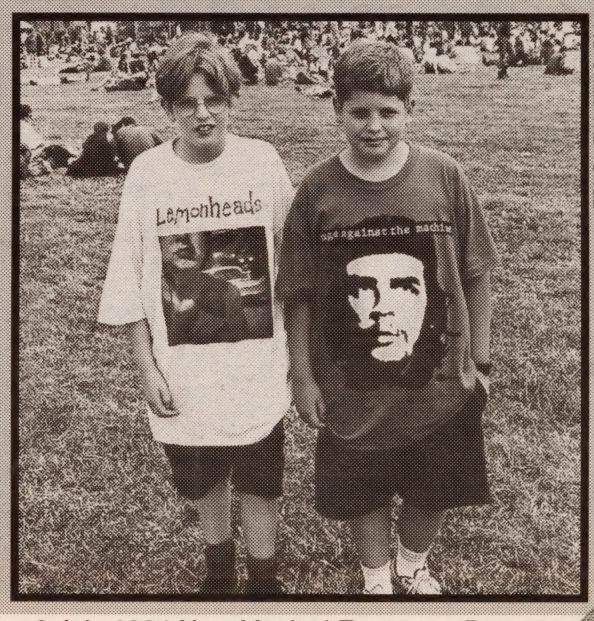
the STALL HOLDER



PICTURE: DAVID TONGE

Clive Mundy, owner of 'Hot Doughnuts' stall, has been at Glastonbury for the last five years. "It's the main and best one for us. Rent is fairly low, so we can charge less – because our prices have to be relative to costs – which is better for everyone. The punter gets a reasonable deal out of it, the bloke on the stall makes a bit of money and no-one's getting robbed! Our best trade is in doughnuts – normal or with cinnamon – but the kids seem quite interested in sugar dummies and hot-dogs this year, bless 'em."

the FIRST TIMERS



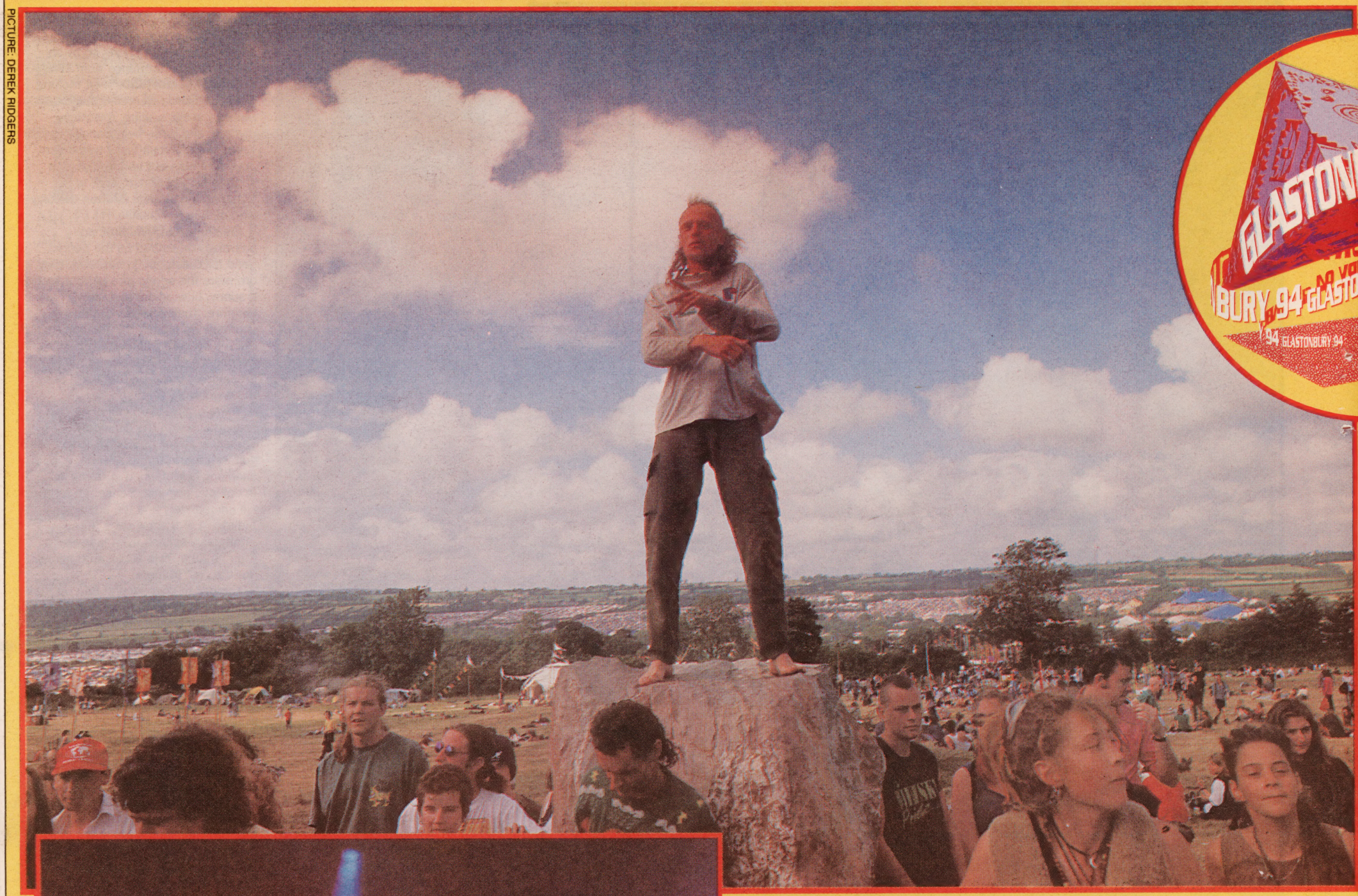
PICTURE: DAVID TONGE

Christopher and Daniel Gunn, both 12, are from Cardiff and are camping with their dad.

"This is our first festival and we think it's good. We're not really scared by all the strange people, we're just looking forward to seeing all the bands, like the Manic Street Preachers and Rage Against The Machine. We'll definitely go and see The Lemonheads, even though their name's not down on the programme. Out of the bands we've seen so far The Wishplants were alright ("I didn't like them" - Christian), but that's it... dEUS weren't very good. We haven't seen anyone famous walking around, just a load of people who look like The Aphex Twin."

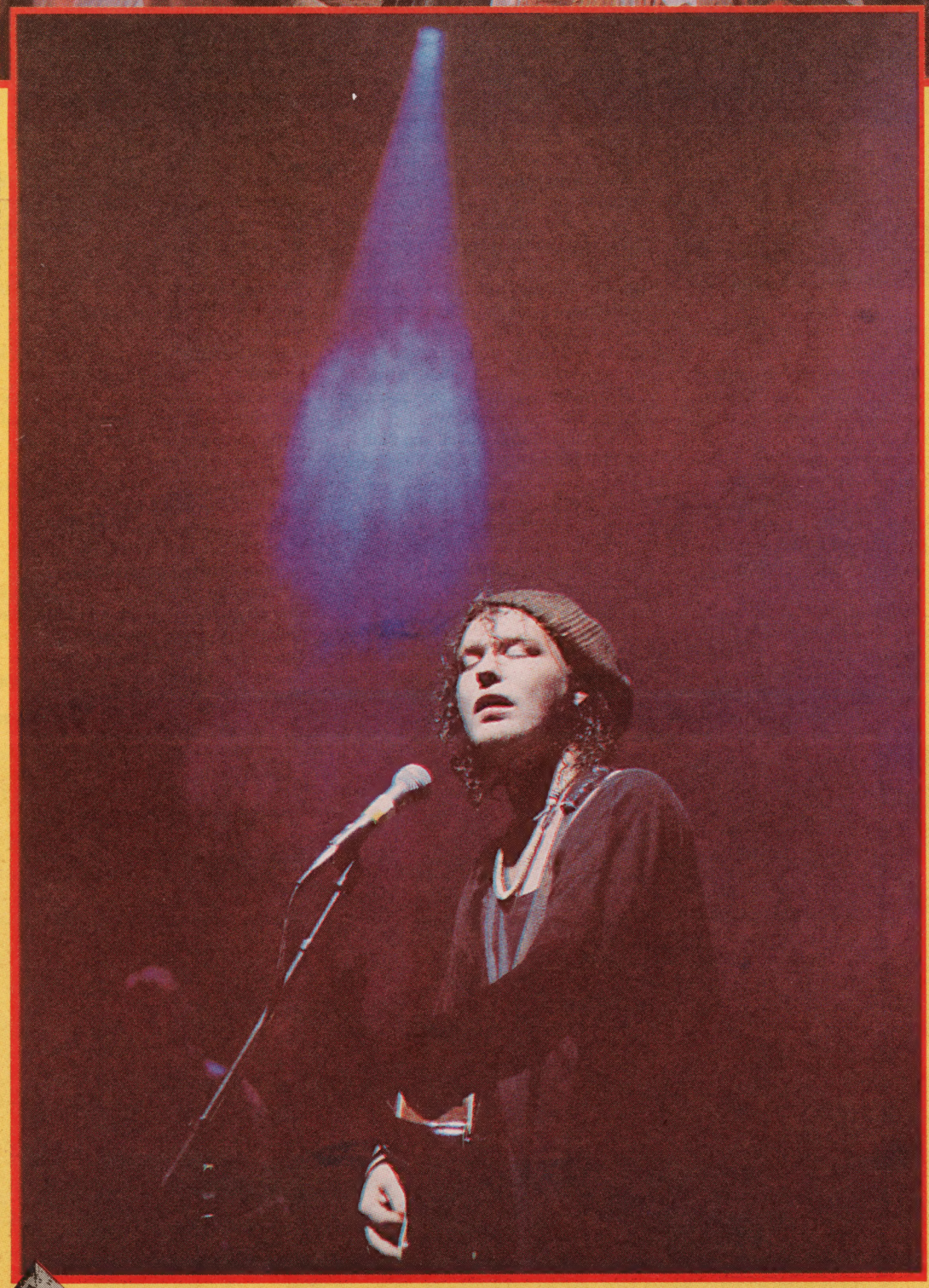
GLASTONBURY GALES

PICTURE: DEREK RIDGERS



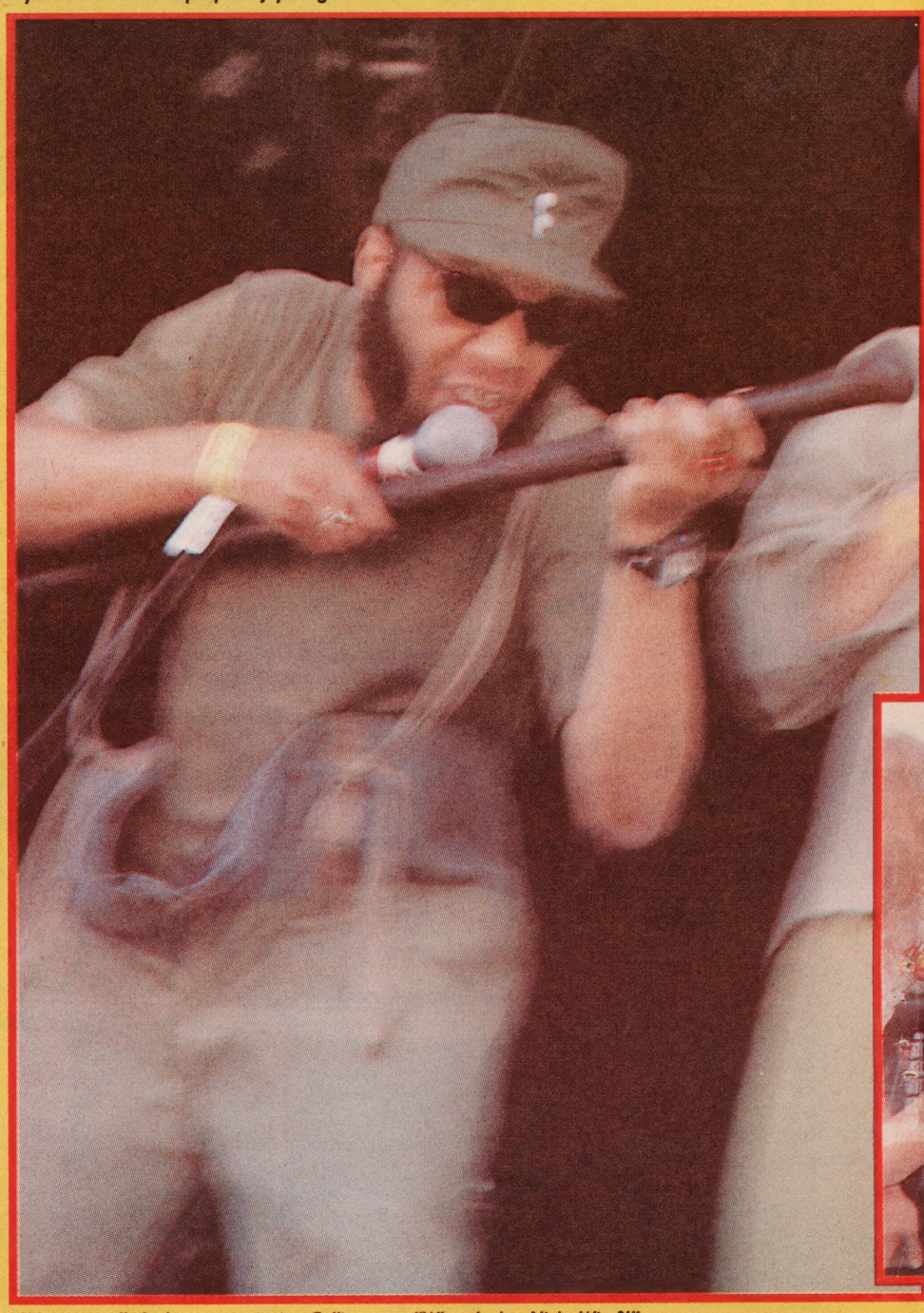
Get your rocks on: some people enjoy a higher stone than others!

PICTURE: KEVIN CUMMINS

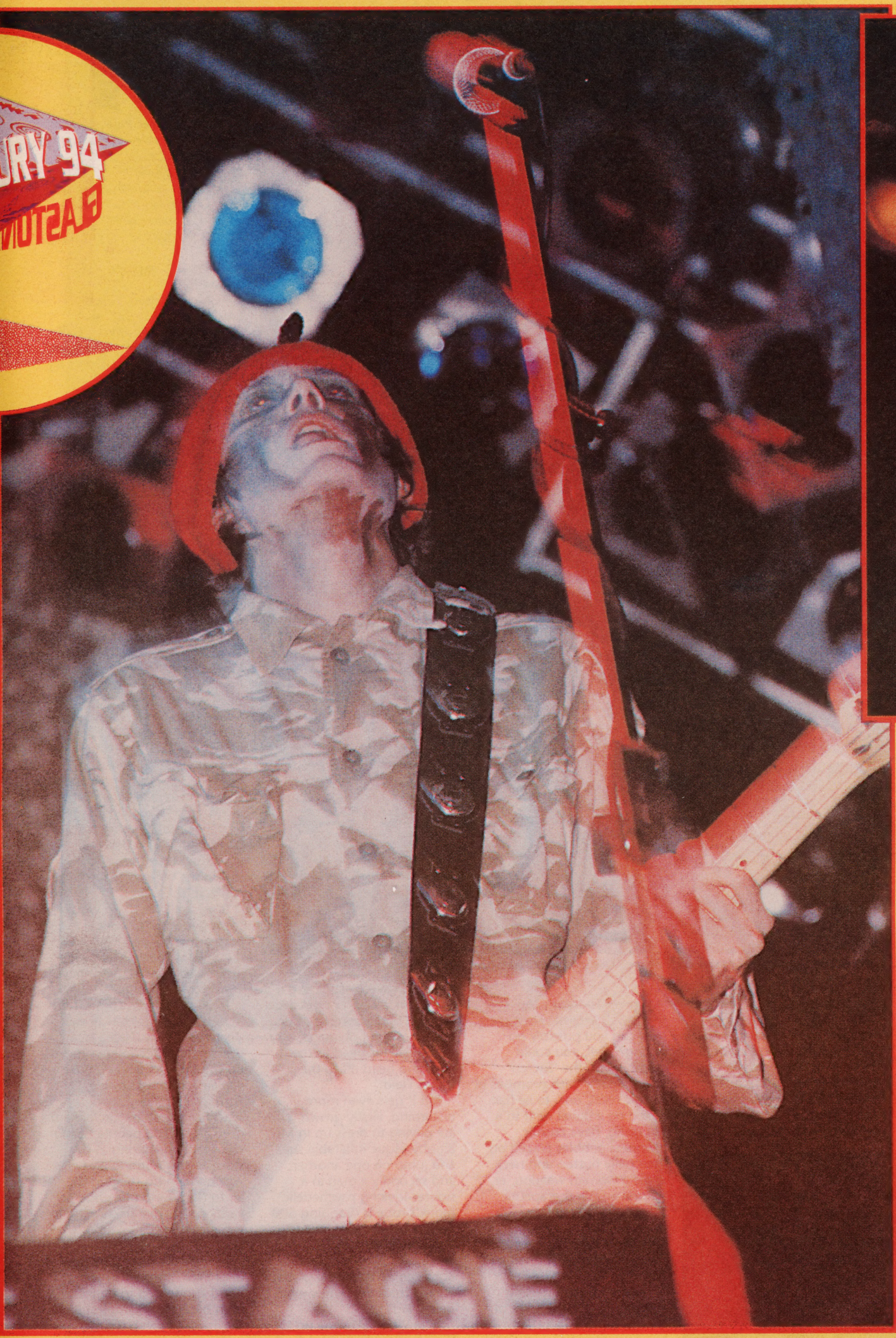


Mystical overlord of Glasters, Mark Leveller says, "Let there be light". And there is!

PICTURE ED SIRRS:



Vibes control!: Arch conservationists Galliano say, "Where's that Nicky Wire?!"



The Manics' Nicky Wire... just before 2,000 tons of motorway flyover fell on his head.

PICTURE:DAVID TONGE

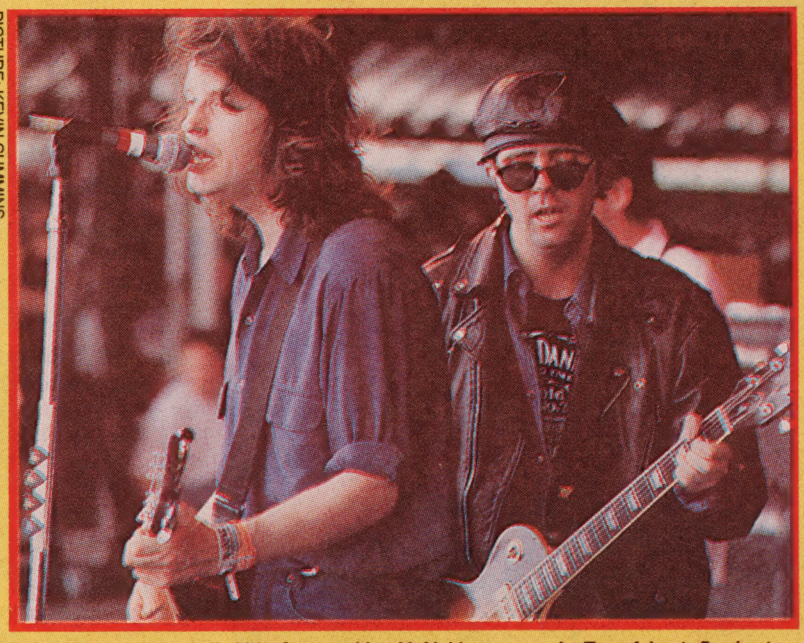
Bjork does battle with burning puffins on the NME Stage!

PICTURE: KEVIN CUMMINS

The Fried Piper of Glastonbury: cheese the Son Of God!

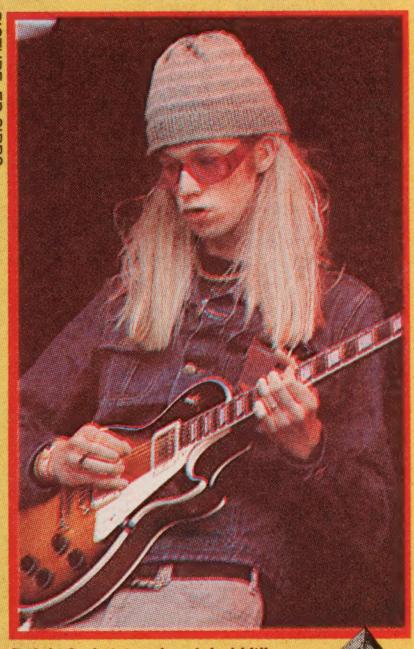
PICTURE: KEVIN CUMMINS

Manning the barricades: it's a bum job but someone's gotta do it.



PICTURE: ED SIRRS

Bob 'n' Neil, erm, actually Mike Scott and Ian McNabb queue at the TransAtlantic Rawk mic



Ride's Andy joins the global Hillage

THREE-DAY

● Glasters – a total experience for mind and body... and awesome fun besides. JOHNNY CIGARETTES folds his tent and steals away to the outer extremities of life as only the weird, the wonderful and the downright annoying really know it. Dirty pictures: DEREK RIDGERS

"NIGEL!... LOOK OUT!... NIGEL!... NIGEL!!!... AAAAAARGH!" The words are chiselled into my consciousness.

It was bound to happen. Some drunken, over-sized amoeba has finally given up his epic fight with gravity and has collapsed on a tent.

Nothing wrong with that, you might say. Only problem is that it is MY TENT, I AM SLEEPING IN IT AND IT IS FIVE IN THE F—ING MORNING. However, this being Glastonbury, I choose to take a Taoist philosophical view of the matter – whatever will be, will be. Unless I accidentally garrotte them next time I see them.

Trouble is, he's been hurriedly dragged from the scene by his more sober mates. I could chase him, but then I'd probably trip over someone else's guy ropes and fall over their tent, they'd chase me and fall on someone else's tent, and soon enough a terrifying domino effect would escalate into full-scale campsite civil war. Possibly.

I blame the tent, which was, frankly, gagging for it. A shameful, lethargic heap of canvas festering like a huge green cowpat between 'The Far Out Posse' teepee and Hell's ditch. With man size tissues for a ground sheet. See, for someone of frail, work-shy local government stock, used to living on his wits and dinner money extortion rackets, putting a tent up properly is simply too practical a task.

No harm done, though. Apart from terminal haemorrhoids, several crushed ribs and no sleep, Glasto is looking splendid.

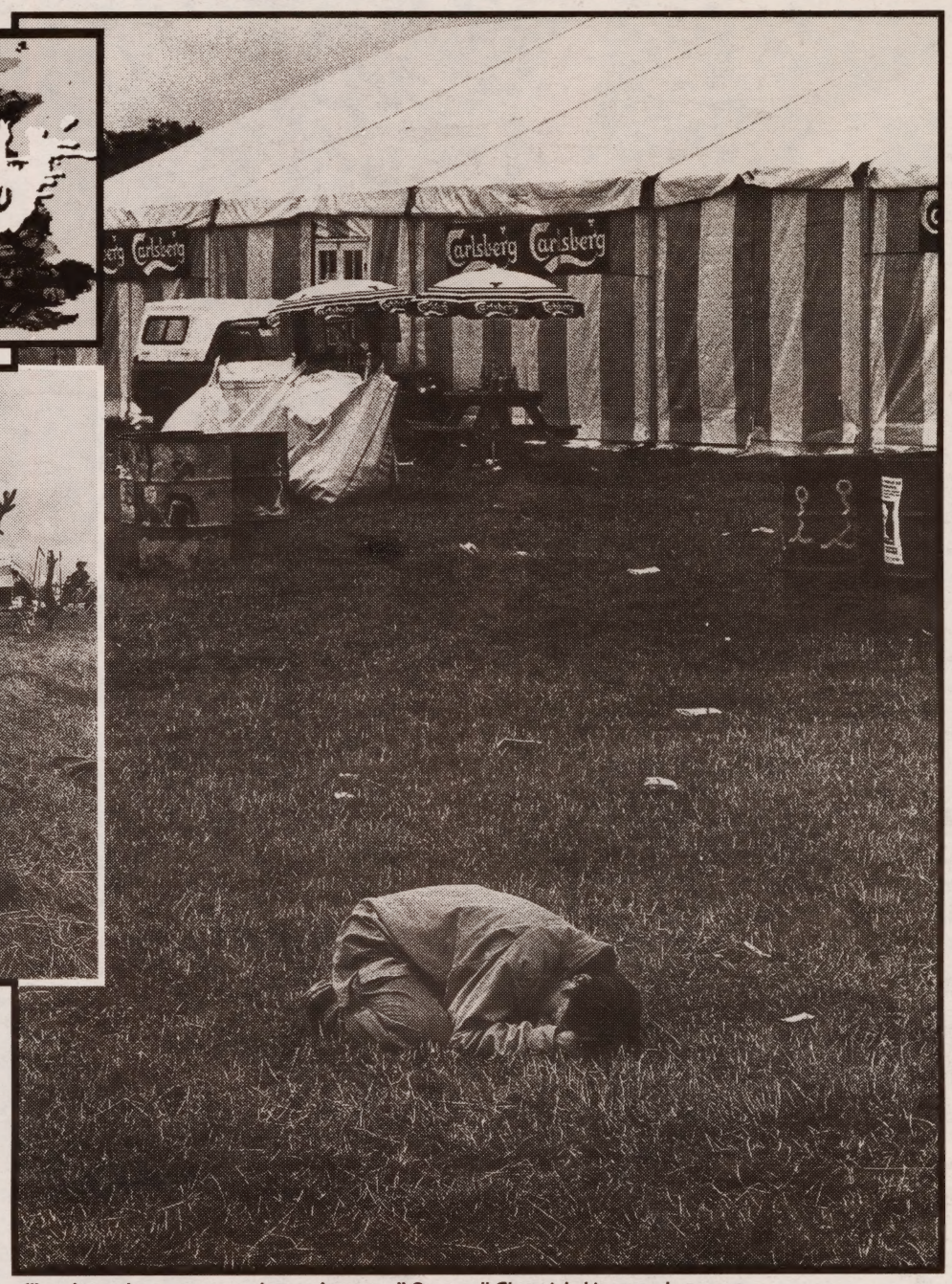
All this happens on Thursday night/Friday morning, before a guitar string has been struck in anger. However, several hundred strings have been struck in the mildly delirious belief that the striker is entertaining, talented, has mystical powers and is deeply sexually attractive. And knows 'Astral Weeks' note for note. But hell, chill out and enjoy Planet Glasto while you can.

Despite the ridiculously decent weather, bizarre lakes of mud have still appeared at the side of most of the main gravel tracks, presumably shipped in from Botswana at great expense to add that crucial authentic festival feel. But this cannot prevent us from turning once innocent elephant dung jewellery stalls into sky-quaking mini-raves.

House Of Hemp takes the hedonists' honours this year, with air raid siren techno and mass epileptic sleepwalking still the order of the night at 7am. Although what exactly a fire engine full of vogueing men in uniform was doing driving through the place at regular intervals remains an impenetrable mystery.

Even the British Meat Council stall have pulled out the stops and installed a monstrous sound system, which gives you some idea of how desperately everyone wants to provide the soundtrack to your cider frenzy.

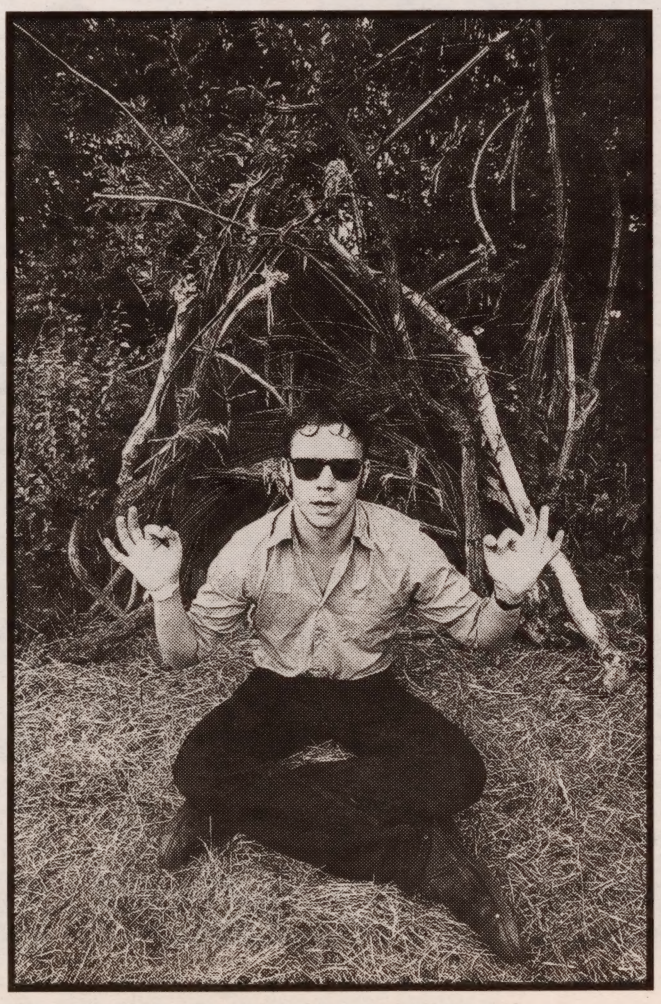
A typical middle-class theatre-goer



"I can't see the monsters, so they can't see me." One small Glasto inhabitant peaks too soon.

Thrillingly, the effect is often one of avant-garde, freeform mixing, such that we finally fall into vodka-chilled slumber to the tune of a jungle techno Jethro Tull, with a side order of Gregorian chanting from a man banging on an oven grill pan. Cheers.

Not entirely unconnected to the above situation was a head like a faulty incinerator on Friday morning. Staggering through human detritus towards burger mile, I seek anaesthetic in a 'Brekkie Buttie', consisting of a generous serving of fat in a long bread roll, seasoned with bacon, egg and sausage. Hmmm, not too joyous. And since sexual healing is about as likely as finding clean bog roll in a Portaloo, spiritual healing is the only answer. Off I stride to the world-famous Healing Field, guzzling Anadin.



Cigs approaches karmic serenity in his very own twig pyramid

'Flower Therapy', 'Aura Dowsing', 'Holistic Massage'... how can you possibly go wrong? Well, you could stumble into the 'Sacred Water Space' with promises of karmic relief, only to lie half naked on a duvet next to a big gong, have cosmic Skegness pebbles placed on your belly button and neck, while a woman wearing, er, natural aroma-therapeutic scents of patchouli and BO holds her palms by your temples, closes her eyes and breathes deeply. For half an hour.

Maybe I wasn't getting sufficiently into the spirit of things, but the fact that several German tourists were stifling giggles at my predicament distracted me from my meditation. I made my excuses and left to contemplate my future in investigative journalism.

Luckily, a Chierology (Chinese Hand Reading) 'expert' was at hand to tell me where my life was going wrong. "You're a very logical person, very dependable, but you try to resist your spiritual inner self."

Well, much obliged, but will I get a shag tonight? "The next year may well be one of stress but great achievement in your chosen career path" (*You're fired – Ed*). I'll drink to that.

'Organic Apple Wine', said the bottle, £3 a throw and 11 per cent volume. Splendid. Until you discover that it is in fact cider mixed with Fairy Liquid. "Well, yeah", shrugs the man I bought it off, "I mean technically speaking it *is* cider, but you won't get a kick like that off Strongbow, hur hur... beautiful plumage, etc, etc." I nail his head to the floor and head off to the Circus Field.

But it gets even more disturbing. Firstly grown men are paying to dress up in Mr Blobby-esque inflatable suits and jump on one another, and secondly a man in a sinister-looking psychedelic monk's robe is dragging 500 people behind him on hands and knees, all going 'Baaaaaa'. They seem happy. But imagine that on a global scale. I think you know what I mean, kids.

'The Vibe' takes me up to the more rarefied air of the site's higher reaches, where the exotically arousing strains of world music suck me further into the Hare Krishna field. I enter a big marquee, where I find two women and a man, probably from Tunbridge Wells, playing a washbasket, sitar and stylophone, and wailing.

But a strange kind of existential angst kicks in when I notice that the rest of the audience consists of seven acid casualties lying asleep or dead in the grass, a man in a robe rocking back and forth dribbling, and a bowl of stale veg curry. But don't knock it, they're all just looking for the ladder.

I decide to retreat to the reassuringly orthodox pleasures of what can only be described as 'Fannying about unconstructively' in the *NME* field for a few hours, before the nuclear scale brilliance of the Manic Street Preachers and a spiked drink sends me soaring off ecstatically for more stimulation.

I'm soon aware that I'm not alone in feeling at odds with objective reality when I attempt to buy some chewing gum.

"Wussat?" says the assistant.

"Chewing gum," I reply. "Aw yeeaah, riiiight," she drawls, then falls asleep. Half an hour of pleading later I am driven to shoplifting. Don't try that at home, kids, or anything else you might do here.

The joys of pipe-cleaner puppets dancing to The Rolling Stones is evidently a big attraction on the main market street, but next door I can't resist the temptation to submit my already altered perception of reality to the ultimate test – A Virtual Reality machine.

As crusties, ravers and minor landed gentry guffaw in unison, the headset is strapped on, and I find myself in a labyrinthine alien landscape of the future, where I am supposed to seek and destroy an evil opponent.

Only trouble is, every time I come near him, I feel like hugging him and saying, 'You're really ace, you are, I love you', at which point he shoots me. Finally, I walk into a lamppost, my head dissolves into blocks of lego, and a giant pterodactyl descends from the silken skies and carries me off into space. No, really, it did.

After that, anything would seem pedestrian. Except perhaps the Green Field and the Sacred Space. Maybe it's just me, but by 3.30am they seem to have mutated into a surreal scene from somewhere in between *Nuts In May* and *Apocalypse Now*. First a man dressed as a tree follows me up the hill yodelling, "*I gave you life, don't destroy me, O Earth child*", then, upon reaching the stone circle, I am greeted by 100 people sitting cross-legged, staring at the stars, saying nothing and waving flaming sticks in the air to the sound of a choir 50 yards away who are singing in tongues to a big telegraph pole.

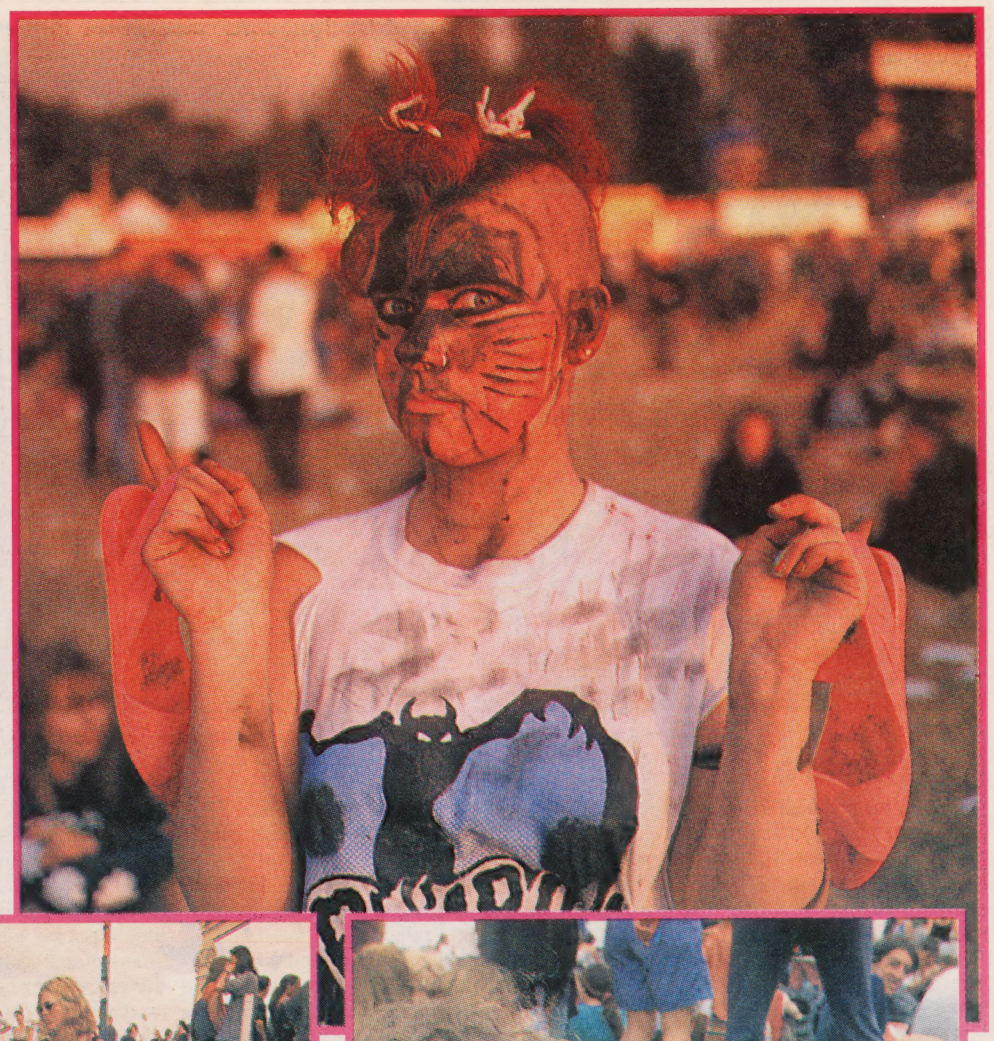
I remain suitably detached until I am grabbed by the hand and forced to dance to a man banging a xylophone. Obviously, I weep for mercy and am left to search for the scattered pieces of my consciousness among assorted guy ropes, country smells and dub reggae.

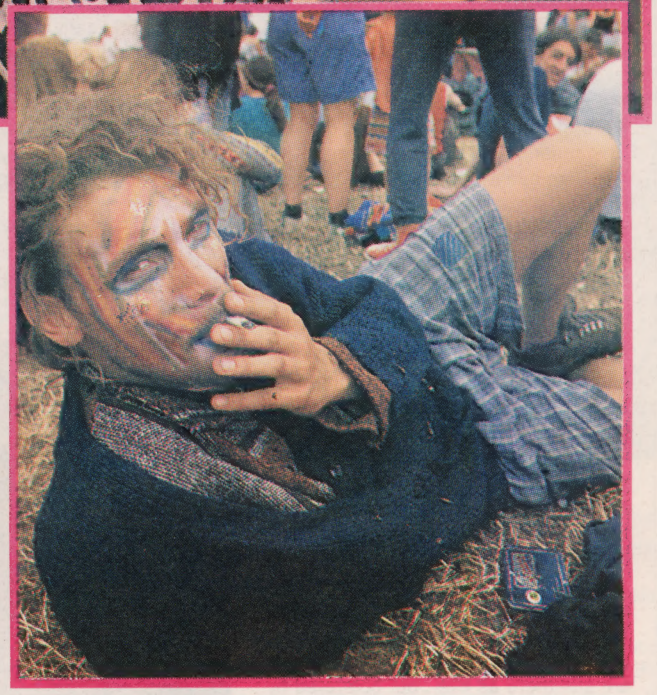
Mind and body, by now, are not only driving different juggernauts but the latter has crossed the central reservation and is doing a ton the wrong way down the M4. Asleep at the wheel. Imagine my joy when I woke up five hours later in the *NME* camper van. Both my legs had to be amputated due to severe exhaustion, but it's a laugh, innit?

It is said that Jesus Christ himself once walked in these fields in 20 AD, during his little known 'Interrailing' period. Hence the Field Of Avalon, which, in keeping with the Lord's word, features lots of drum and didgeridoo 'workshops', where earnest young men can bang or holler out ancient mating calls.

PASSOUT

My body is a temple: muesli for breakfast, muesli for lunch... (have a word with These Animal Men!)





...and my body's a canvas expressing my inner truth: spot the part-time body art merchants

Understandably, their female counterparts are more interested in the endless rows of ethnic clothing and hand-made jewellery. A cynic would say that more elegant ephemera could be found in a primary school metalwork class, but that's missing the point.

The thing about Glastonbury is that every conceivable form of alternative culture comes together in one place, and that's what makes the whole experience unique. Along with the toilets, of course.

And, ultimately, it all hinges around music, and this place immediately makes you realise that playing on your Sega or fiddling with a computer in your bedroom will never compete with the sweat-splattering communal euphoria of live music.

On Saturday evening, rumours are spreading of violence erupting at Joe Banana's blanket stall (by night, one of the biggest raves on site), but no-one is about to let fear and loathing ruin their weekend of a lifetime. Even as police cordon off an area, people are leaping from tent-tops like there's no Monday morning. What's more, it is at night when Glastonbury really comes into its own, and this year there seem to be no frustrating attempts by the organisers to shut it all off at a civilised hour.

And so, as bulging eyes drag me ever further towards Armageddon, I find the World Music tent, where Zion Train, or rather over-enthusiastic garden gnomes climbing the pillars, are threatening to bring the roof down in the name of dub. Meanwhile, for a brief moment in the Avalon Field, we are tempted to believe that the Techno Tribal stall has come up with the world's first wind-powered rave.

Sadly, closer examination reveals that it is in fact the world's nine millionth electricity-powered rave, and they've only managed to power one set of strobe lights. On your side, though.

'Ere Ye Be' says an arrow on a map, but by now geography is a practically defunct discipline for most, so I can't tell you exactly where Lenny's Organic Spud Experience is, but a marathon live Acid Jazz extravaganza is unfolding under its ragged roof.

Sadly, Mother Earth's Buttocks are on at the minute, so it's time to bow to tradition and scoff a Gambian barbecue in a disgusting manner. Generally speaking, it tastes better than sex. Unless it was really hot kinky sex under the 'bender sauna' in the Healing Field with one of those pierced people and a bowl of peanut butter and lime marmalade, that is.

All that remains now is to lie awkwardly in a circle with a group of friends and watch the sun come up while laughing inexplicably at the word 'refrigerator'.

You know it makes sense, especially when fireworks are sliding through the night sky, campfires illuminate the horizon and a bassline is rumbling through your underwear. Of course your clothes will smell tomorrow, of course it's back to the grindstone on Monday morning. But right now you're convinced that you're living nine lives and tapping into 100,000 others.

And if you are that bloke who fell on my tent, I love you very much.

the ROADIE

PICTURE: DAVID TONGE

Steve Jones, is supervisor of the stage crew at the *NME* stage.

"Basically, my job involves getting bands on and off, looking after them backstage and generally wandering around.

"I'd like to see bands, but it probably won't happen – I'll probably only see the ones I'm directly involved with.

"It's been going alright, well so far so good, but I'm sure it's going to get pretty hideous later – just don't mention things like rain! Mind you, I have spent £30 on a new set of waterproofs, so they might get an airing later."

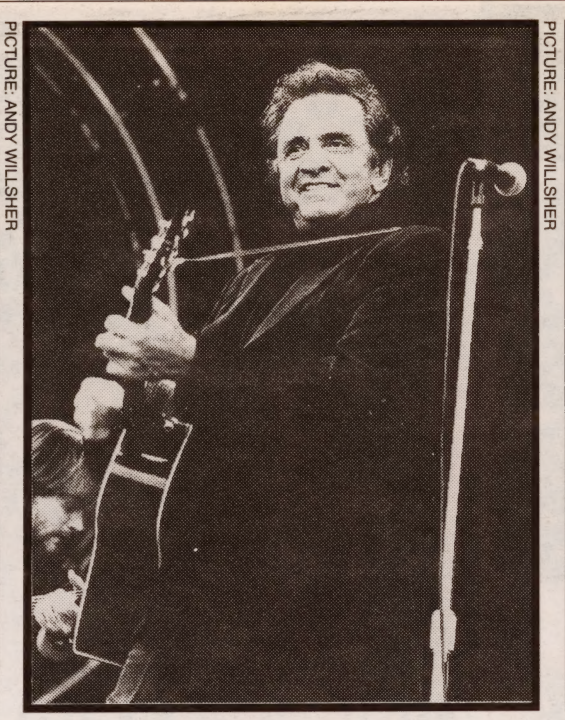
the POLICEMAN

Andy Hollings, a Police Inspector, is one of three crews of policemen who "direct people around, try and advise them on what to do if their tent gets stolen and try and prevent people stealing, or stealing from, tents. I hope to see L7 and Jah Wobble – who I missed at Bristol a couple of weeks ago – and I'm definitely going to catch The Spin Doctors. I'm utterly in favour of festivals like this, but the problem with free festivals is that they're great only until they get beyond a manageable size. I don't wear flares anymore, but I do have a pair of Levis with a little rip in the knee and I intend to hang around in them tonight after I've finished."

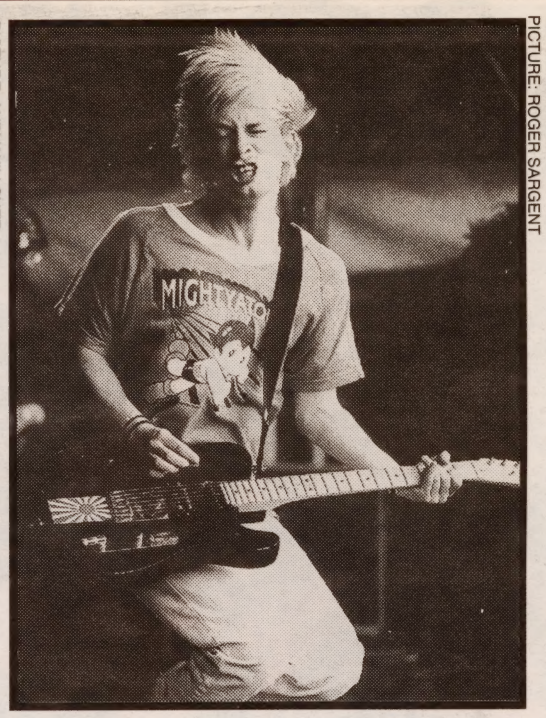
PICTURE: DAVID TONGE

GLASTONBURY TALES

PICTURE: ANDY WILLSHER



PICTURE: ANDY WILLSHER



PICTURE: ROGER SARGENT

Oh yes, all of human life is here (l-r): wakey wakey from Tinderstick's Stuart Staples, the legendary Johnny Cash and Radiohead's tortured aristocrat Thom Yorke

MAIN STAGE

TWO DAYS and nights into the Main Stage's rockupation and a quick T-shirt straw poll suggests the stage's trad rock roots are as firmly embedded as ever (personal fave T-shirt is one bearing the legend 'Sampling Is For Wimps'). This, in no uncertain terms, is rock country.

So, when the **GLASTONBURY TOWN BAND** dispense thrilling takes on 'Bohemian Rhapsody' and 'Fanfare For The Common Man', people who wore trenchcoats at college swoon – ironically, natch – until a portly figure in a suit breaks the calm with a blood-curdling incantation.

"GLASTONBERREH!" he shrieks. "Y'AWWWRIGHT!"

He is semi-mythical **TINDERSTICKS** groan-bag Stuart Staples, and that was a lie. He's sober (which is a rarity), and he leads his troupe through a load of new songs that sound EXACTLY like the old ones. This, of course, is no bad thing: Sunday morning headaches mean some of us are partial to double helpings of bacchanalian misery.

What really brings us here, of course, are 'surprise' guests **THE LEMONHEADS**. The cigarette girls and Danish boyfriends who populate Evan's songs are still there as ever, but bolstered by new guitarist John Strohm, they're afforded an added crunch that, for a second, suggests they may sweep all before them.

All bets are scuppered, however, when a thunderous 'It's A Shame About Ray' (and a splendid opening 'Down About It') give way to a nagging reminder of Evan's decidedly un-flamboyant stage presence. This is a man, after all, who is most famous for never having consummated his relationship with dippy prom queen Juliana Hatfield. Rock'n'roll Valhalla showmanship is not his forte.

So, Dawn still can't decide, Alison only ever threatens to happen, and we soak in the sun and stare up at Evan's big square jaw looming at us from the *NMETV* screens. At the close of a final, splenetic 'Style', he disappears behind the amps only to reappear a minute later, jumping in the air and assuring us that his band are called The Lemonheads and, hey, he'll see us all later. He then charges into (you guessed it) a plot-losing 'Rudderless'. Headed off course, if truth be told.

JACKSON BROWNE, of course, comes from somewhere 20 years and several cosmic oceans from Evan. And as a legitimate MOR rock star, he has substantial powers. Unfortunately, they seem to comprise the stunning ability to make a vast field full of people sit down as he proceeds to ramble on about US involvement in South America. Time to move on.

No such interactional *faux pas* for **JOHNNY CASH**. No siree. Here is a man so capable of putting on a show that we simply fall into the palm of his hand and let him take control. He dupes us into getting our hopes up about his 'special star guest' (it turns out to be his wife of 20 years), he tells us that his drummer has been with him 35 years and played on the original 'Blue Suede Shoes'.

It's a legend come to life before our eyes. 'Ring Of Fire' and a rabble-rousing 'Boy Named Sue' get the biggest cheers, and we even cheer the redneck buffoonery of 'Tennessee Stud'. Johnny Cash is 150 years old.

A minor indie invasion occurs before the arrival of **JAMES**. Perhaps Tim Booth, the very incarnation of Guarana tea-drinking Glasto dippy free-thinking, can turn the tide his way! The weird thing is, he almost does. Having engineered a career around the most simplistic formula (standard baggy-synth pop hooked onto endless repeated chorus lines) for what seems like an eternity, the ever-vulnerable Tim tugs at the heartstrings all over again. Girls, mounted onto boyfriends' shoulders, swoon through 'Say Something' and 'Sometimes', decide they like 'Low' after all and watch in stunned appreciation as Tim, whenever things are flagging, launches into his madman-in-an-electric-chair 'dancing'.

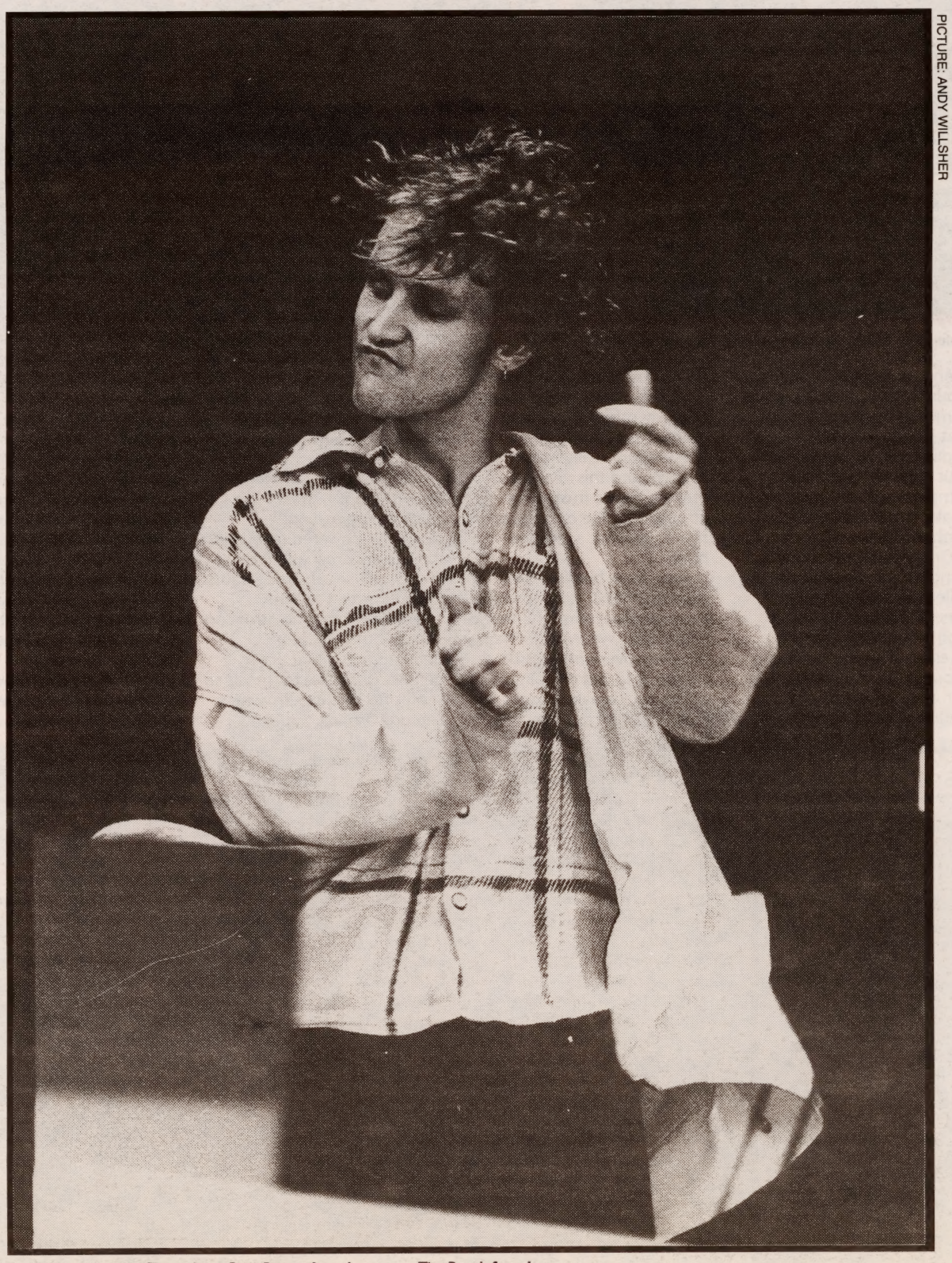
Only sticky patch for the faithful comes with the new songs, which Tim describes as being 'alternative'. What this means is, the guitars go industrial (*à la* 'Zooropa' as opposed to Ministry) and Tim barks into a megaphone before flapping around again in his billowing gold shirt.

From here there's only the inexplicable late night billing of, erm, South African gospel crooner **LUCKY DUBE** and the stunning sight of **PETER GABRIEL** (in fetching electric blue space suit) providing a suitable eco tub-thumping finale to a massed field of flickering flares and gaping mouths and the show's well and truly over.

Until next year's Solstice anyway. Let it roll.

Paul Moody

sunday



PICTURE: ANDY WILLSHER

And once again, the Glastonbury Crap Dance Award goes to... Tim Booth from James

NME STAGE

STRANGE NIGHT, Saturday: ambulances, moments of inexplicable tension, inevitably frenzied whispers. Today, in keeping with the tendency of festival rumours to snowball into tales of apocalyptic doom, they're bandying around all kinds of stories. Four people shot... five people shot... a stabbing and six shootings...

Miraculously, the crowd soon decide to shut off all the worry. The beginnings of a gathering salute **RUB ULTRA**'s approximation of Rage Against The Machine on Julian Cope tablets, a swelled crowd take in **TINY MONROE**'s rich allure...

...And then logic, justice, and every pillar of orthodox rock'n'roll thinking are turned upside down. Lo! It is Sonya from **ECHOBELLY**, indulging in the rather unedifying ritual known as 'suddenly realising you're being filmed and throwing a crucifix pose'.

The sounds, needless to say, fit her empty posing to perfection. There are glassfuls of limp, Smiths-esque fop-rock, a sneaking hint of '60s mod-ism, and a layer of half-baked Noo Wave. The result is adulation, unfortunately. The debut album should be called 'We Are Smug And Shameless Dilettantes And YOU LOVE IT'.

So (and this sentence will be repeated endlessly for the next decade), thank the Lord for **OASIS**. Liam says, "Are you gonna wake up then? For some real songs?" They swagger nonchalantly through 'Shakermaker', the stratospheric 'Live Forever' and seven or eight other masterstrokes; and it ends with a towering rendition of 'I Am The Walrus'. The lesson? Ploughing your own generic furrow (roughly: The Beatles, Faces and Mondays jamming in a coke-fuelled submarine) enables you to piss all over dickheads from down South. Obvious, really.

CREDIT TO THE NATION succeed in being a bundle of three components: enviable cool, bonzer songs and burgeoning paranoia. 'Pressure' gets dedicated to "all the arse lickers", Matty gets in a quiet lather about "all the people who think they understand us", and you're left feeling equal levels of sympathy and bored exasperation. 'Pump Your Fists' and 'Call It What You Want' prove what we were convinced of all along: he is a trainee star with sackfuls of promise who should STOP MOANING. Thank you.

Ever taken hallucinogenic drugs and wondered what it would be like if Jesus Jones met Steeleye Span at a Socialist Worker meeting? No need. Go and see **CHUMBAWAMBA**. End of review.

"It's easy to get lost here," groans Jarvis Cocker. "So, if you want to get your bearings, you're at Glastonbury, we're **PULP**, and we're going to play some songs..."

Thus warned, we behold Jarv, the ever-ludicrous Russell Senior and the other three playing 'Razzmatazz' and 'Lip Gloss' and 'Acrylic Afternoon' with the usual meeting of plinky ineptitude and accomplished dazzle. The latter, inevitably, wins out: Jarvis wonders whether someone, somewhere, might be ensuring that life imitates art while they play the ever-so-slightly marvellous 'Do You Remember The First Time', its raffish strains drift around the field, and Gary (18) and Joanne (16) decide to go back to their tent and prove him right. Probably.

By early evening, it's time for the return of the televised crucifix pose, this time executed by a man in golfing trousers singing *"Husband don't know what he's done/Kids don't know what's wrong with mum..."* He is Tom Hingley out of **INSPIRAL CARPETS**, but he's forgiven because he also sings 'Saturn 5', a booming 'Joe', and a surprisingly heart-splitting 'Two Worlds Collide'. They spoil it by inviting two of Collapsed Lung to join them in a plodding demolition of Black Sabbath's 'Paranoid', but we'll let that pass.

Enough frivolity, anyway. It is now time to get VERY SERIOUS INDEED with THE MOST TORTURED MAN IN ROCK. **RADIOHEAD**'s Thom Yorke is wearing an orange shirt, carrying on like a hybrid of Mick Jagger, Brett Anderson and an alien boy-child, and playing a new song called 'Bones'. It is not, one assumes, about the medic from *Star Trek*.

PICTURE: ROGER SARGENT

Supersonic!: Liam Oasis heads back North

Like the other two fresh choons delivered tonight ('Iron Lung' and 'Just'), it's a strident, dramatic beast, seizing on everything hinted at by the 'Pablo Honey' album and taking it about 15 notches further. Other news: they're evidently woefully brassed off with 'Creep', it's bassist Colin's birthday, so Thom goes all normal and tells us about it, and Radiohead carry themselves with all the hard-faced confidence of people who think they're absolute aristocrats. They're right, incidentally.

BLUR, however, go beyond the rock nobility, establishing themselves as Genius Avatars Of Our Pop Future. Or something.

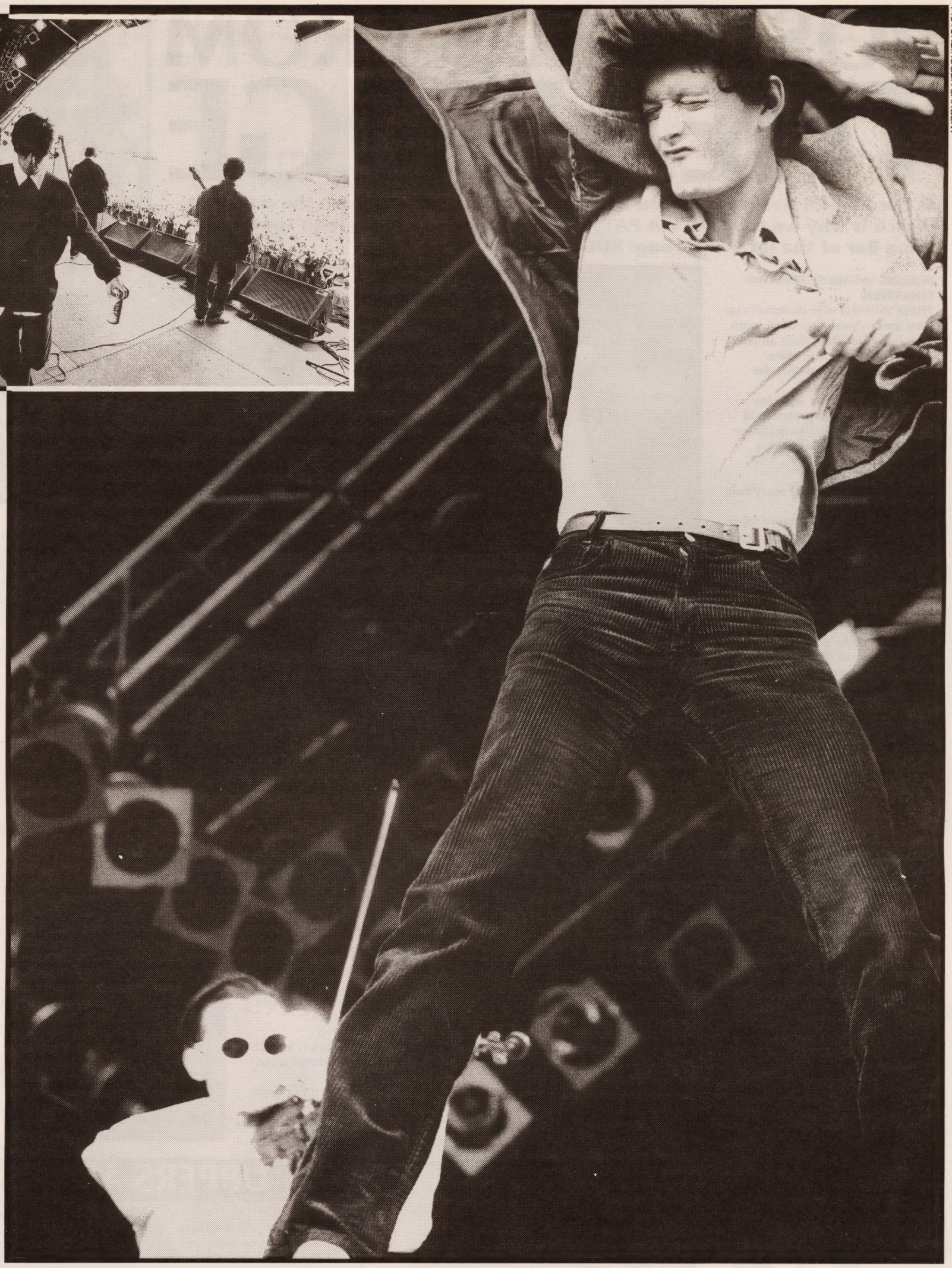
It comes together wonderfully: sunset, the last spurt of animated enjoyment before everyone crawls home, the fields rolling into the darkness while Blur play songs as exquisite as 'End Of A Century', 'For Tomorrow' and an astounding, lump-throated 'To The End'. Graham is dressed like an extra from *Full Metal Jacket*, Damon behaves like a charming elder brother, and they cajole Phil Daniels into an appearance for 'Parklife', during which people laugh and shout "*Knaaa wot I mean*?" and sing the chorus as if they were crammed into a local church and it was 'Onward Christian Soldiers'.

The notion that Blur should abandon the metropolis and Get It Together In The Country suddenly seems very, very sensible.

So, for all the hazy delirium peddled by **SPIRITUALIZED** (the perfect wind-down, as ever), and despite the anxiety spread by the lamentable events of Saturday night, we wander back to our bivouacs with Blur-shaped delirium coursing around our minds.

Maybe this *was* the year that the hung-up, violence-ridden straight world took possession of the last remnants of the Glastonbury ideal. Maybe we'll come back next year and find that we can't shake off a feeling of quiet panic. Whatever, like the irresponsible wastrels we are, we've blocked all that out for now. We'll come to our senses in the morning.

John Harris



PICTURE:ROGER SARGENT

Kicker conspiracy: Pulp's Jarvis Cocker conducts his safe sex masterclass for randy rustic teenagers

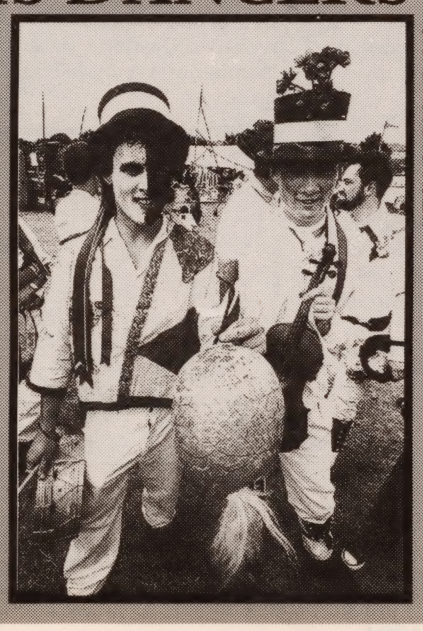
the MORRIS DANCERS

Joseph (15) and Ben (23) are brothers who belong to a local troupe, The Wells Morris Dancers. Their dad dances too. What on earth do they get out of dressing up in bells and slapping their knees with sticks?

"Enjoyment," says Ben, "and the occasional free beer."

Highlight of the Festival for them, apart from showing off their new routines, are The Pretenders. The rest seems to leave them remarkably unfazed.

"I might dress up in funny clothes, I might have a black and white face, but I can go back to my tent in a minute and change into something normal," says Ben. "Most of the people here have got to look like that for life!"



PICTURE: ROGER SARGENT

the WELFARE WORKER

Vicky Stangram is a co-ordinator for the Green Field Welfare Services.

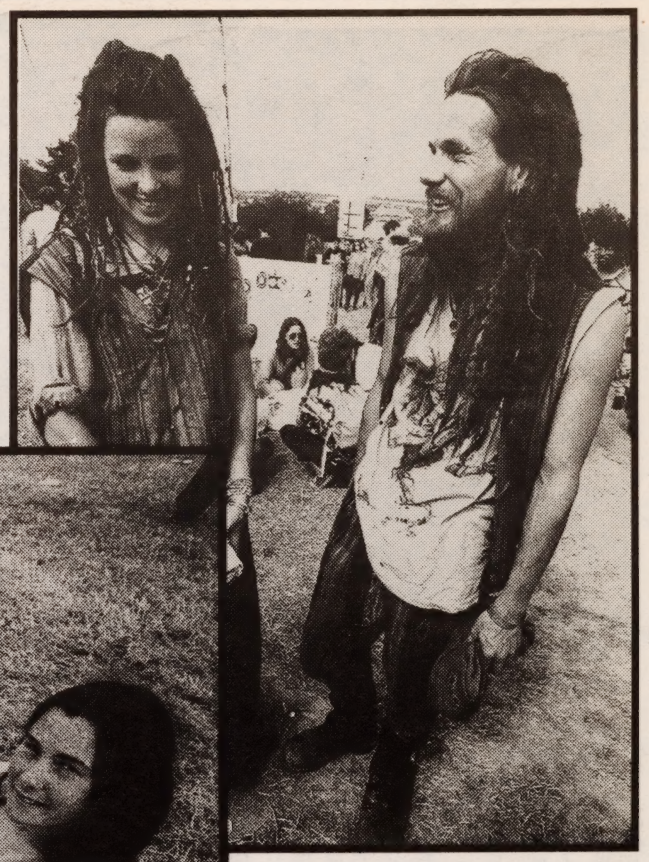
"We're part of an organisation in London called Festival Welfare Services which provides help at pop festivals and other outdoor events, along with people like Positively Women, who deal with HIV advice and The Samaritans. We give out condoms, we have councillors who talk about health education, we 'process' lost children and book-in lost property. We also try to help people with drug problems as well as those who have lost their friends, or who have trouble dealing with crowds... and we give out directions! It's all voluntary, no-one gets paid."

PICTURE: DAVID TONGE

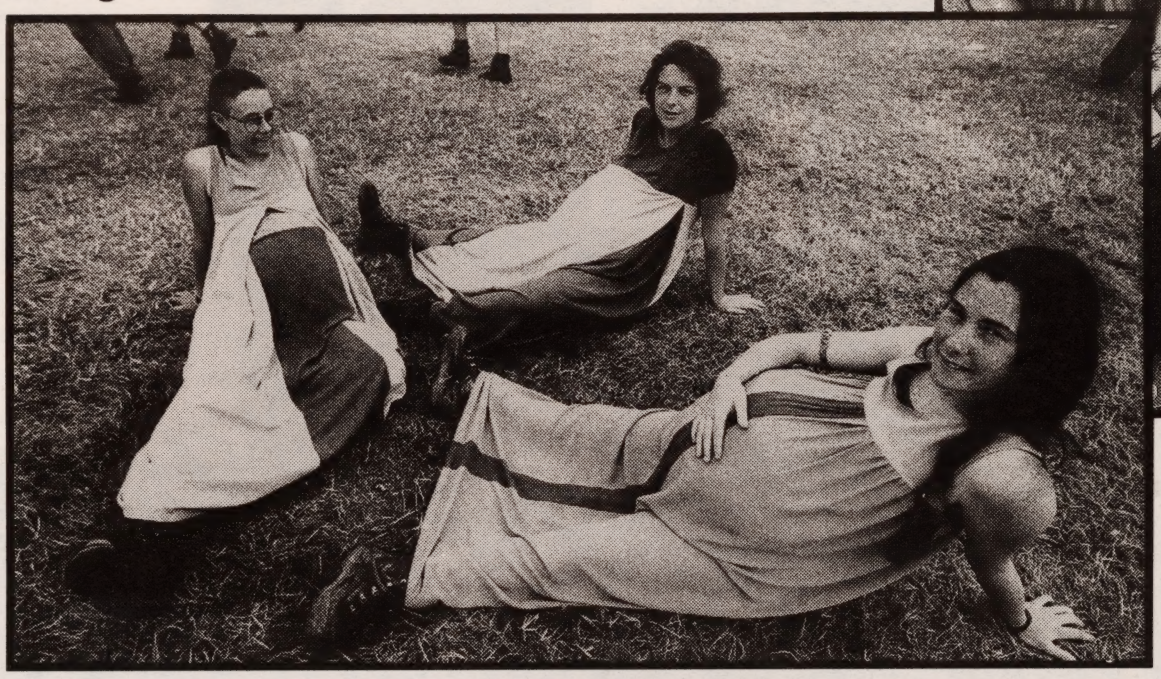
GLASTONBURY TALES

***Glastonbury Tales* were recounted by EMMA MORGAN**

POSTCARDS FROM THE HEDGE



● The Vale Of Avalon has been a haven for reality surfers down the centuries. Which is why we took SYLVIA PATTERSON to compare notes with the most Dime Bar of the lot. Nutterbug: ROGER SERGEANT



HEALING WOMB SISTERHOOD SENSATION

THREE WOMEN with deckchairs up their aprons sway pre-natally with their hands fondling their ample frontals. They are The Mater Familias, here to "redefine the concept of pregnancy".

Sian: "We're three separate individuals who are pregnant in different situations... basically we just lie down and start having contractions."

What, on the grass?

"Yes. But they're only every half an hour."

People might think you've taken four tabs of acid and gone bonkers.

"Yes, they do that, but it just goes to show that people are scared. They don't come near us, they don't know how to help. So we give birth anyway."

To what?

"A shell, some children's toys, all the associations of childhood."

Are you a nutter?

"No (*stoney face*). It comes quite naturally, actually. It's reality, y'know?"

BEELZEBUB STILTMAN WITH HYGIENE FIXATION

HELLO. HOW the devil are you?

Nutter (*shouting*): "WHERE'S YOUR LITTER, THEN?"

Pardon?

"YOU'VE GORRIT! YOU'VE GORRIT! THERE'S A LOT OF IT AROUND! IT'S EVERYWHERE! HELP EACH OTHER! IT'S CLEAN!"

What are you on about?

"IT'S LITTER! I COLLECT IT AND PUT IT IN THE BIN AND THEN I EAT IT!"

So, what's your name?

"I DON'T HAVE A NAME! I STRETCH PEOPLE!"

I bet you're called Nutter.

"I'M A STRETCHER! STRETCHY STRETCHY! PEOPLE!! HOOO! HUUUH!"

Legs it into the horizon shouting "I EAT STRETCHY PEOPLE!" to small children who look perplexed. And who can blame them?

RHINO BLOKE

HE STANDS outside stalls with 'authentic' Indonesian blankets flapping above his head. He's called Dave. Surprise.

"I'm from Planet Rhino," says Dave.

Must be hot in there.

"Oh yes, but it's all in a good cause. I've run the London marathon in this. And finished!"

Dave says the rhino is a "crucial" animal because it's intrinsic to the ecosystem and without it we'd all fall into a soporific quagmire of toxic imbalance. Or something. This is Dave's job.

"I've been doing this for four years," he cheeps. "There are 20 of us, y'know."

Ever feel like a nutter?

"I love it! It's a full-time occupation and it keeps me sane. I mean, what else is there. Y'know?"

PISHED YOUNG PEOPLE

THE TWO blokes with enormous grins are Austin and "What's my name! Tee hee hee! Oh yeah, Paddy! Sorry about that, like, uuuh... what's going on then?"

Paddy: "D'you like our T-shirts? We got them in Katmandu. Loads of drugs in Katmandu, heheheh."

Austin: "We've taken a load of drugs and seen a load of bands and this is just brilliant, man! Glastonbury is just... well, it's this. I've got some free speed!"

Paddy: "Isst'ssss incredible! You just get totally wasted on this (*super-strength cider – it is 2.15 in the afternoon, hello frontal lobotomy by 5pm*) and then you just take everything that you get offered! Bloody acid, speed, spliff, you just gerrit down ya, don't ya!"

Do you feel like a nutter?

Paddy: "Everyone's a bleedin' nutter, in't they?"

Austin: "Well, I could talk to you for hours 'cos there's a million people here and they'll have a million visions, won't they?"

They certainly will, mate.

PROPER CRUSTIES

THEY WON'T give their names. "I'm not really into any of that," he says.

Seen any bands, then?

Bloke: "We've just come to see our friends. And we saw The Levellers. But we didn't come here for the music."

Both launch into an articulate diatribe about their lifestyles and how everyone else is an idiot. They have a point. They spend their lives traversing the globe, not having a job (being a trainee tattoo artiste not withstanding), blethering with their chums (most of whom own 'didgeridoo workshops') smoking unfeasible amounts of spliff and not giving a toss.

Bloke: "Living is the hardest thing in the world to do, to live and not destroy and not f— everything up. That's why we don't stay here permanently, here we're the travelling scum. I mean, what is going on?"

Ah yes, you shouldn't even be here, ye vagabonds of civilisation.

Bloke: "Ain't no fence high enough! Loads of us are here."

Are you a nutter?

"Everyone says we are. All I know is we've got better accommodation than any other nutter on the sight. We've got a sofa. Heheh."

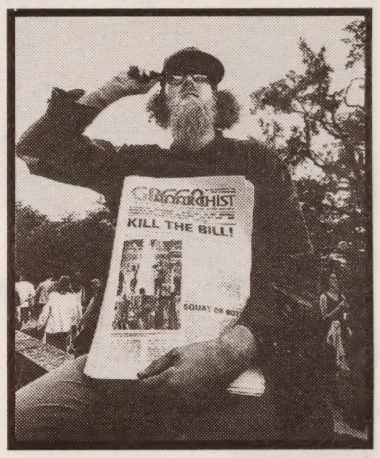
SMILER. HE SMILES FOR A LIVING

HE IS John. He came here to stand in the Green Field and smile perpetually and make other people smile.

"I can't believe it! (*smirk, smirk*). These people have paid £59 and they're not even smiling! I've been smiling since I woke up. That's five hours. And I've been here since last Saturday! Smiling! I came here with nothing – a sleeping bag. And I'm still smiling. I don't agree with not smiling. Look at 'em! Smile! C'mon! (*Shouts to revellers who have smoked several million spliffs and are actually concentrating on their dubious ankle action*) No excuse! Look at 'em..."

You think they're nutters, don't you?

"They *are* nutters!"



And you're not?

"I'm just enjoying meself! Not like these hippies."

So, you're not a hippy?

"I'm not a hippy! I come from Bracknell."

THE GREEN ANARCHIST

HE'S PERCHED on a pillar and is selling *The Green Anarchist* newspaper. He has a combine harvester beard and hair made out of sheep's nethers (probably). He's been in jail for political activism (CND rally), got 47 degrees in political history and he's got a bee in his bonnet...

"Around 4000 BC in Mesopotamia, someone came up with this marvellous idea of building cities and having people rule and everyone having a job. The world is f—ed because of a combination of a population explosion and the impoverishment of the environment they found themselves in, actually."

He's off.

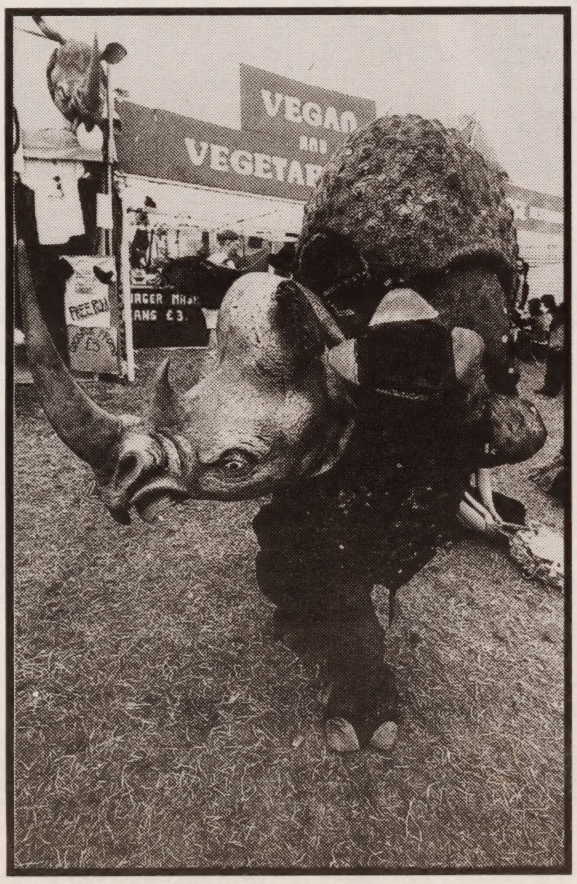
"Glastonbury is a facade of a counter culture. That windmill is petrol driven! Glastonbury's a lie!"

He says we won't last another 40 years because we're crap. Maybe we should all just kill ourselves seeing as humanity is knackered.

"No, it's all just a form of social organisation which is why people are miserable all the time and in 1990 the Formalites held a referendum..." (*Double snip!!*)

Are you a nutter?

"I'm a newspaper seller."



UPPERS AND DOWNERS

HIGHS

1 The raving firemen atop their engine at 2am, Saturday. Inexplicable!
2 The wobbly but thrilling arrival of *NME*TV – we'll be back!
3 The 'Stone Roses to play *NME* Stage' rumour, fuelled to the point of hysteria when Mani showed up backstage.
4 Robbie from Take That appearing backstage, waving a home-made cigarette.
5 Mike Scott reuniting with two old Waterboys in the acoustic tent for an eye-moistening, raggle-taggle revue.
6 Don's Bar in the World Jazz Field – 20 different beers in a Mediterranean holiday vibe.
7 The march against the Criminal Justice Bill on Saturday afternoon.
8 Glastonbury spelt out in flaming 30ft high letters and a firework-spitting dragon in the Sacred Space on Saturday night.
9 The Rent-An-Argument tent in the Green Field: "What're you f—in' lookin' at?"
10 Crazy hats a-go go: a sure-fire sign that the wearer was either a superfreak, a stoner or a member of a scary religious order.

LOWS

1 Tent thieves – may the bastard who stole our man Tommy Udo's boots suffer a million verrucas!
2 Third degree sunburn.
3 Escalating doughnut prices (again!!).
4 Aggro during the Spin Doctors' set.
5 Body piercing – boringly common.
6 Realising that the stage-side windmill generator wasn't actually powering the entire site.
7 The smell of latrines cooking in the midsummer heat.
8 The disappointed Ireland fans watching their team stiff out to Mexico in the World Cup.
9 Realising that The Stone Roses and Neil Young weren't actually going to play.
10 Intimations of Altamont – vibes marred by OD, guns and rumoured racketeering.